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A Literary Supplement will appear gratis with next week's issue.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There has been something singularly cold-blooded and contemptuous about the French treatment of the sick man of the East. On the breaking off of diplomatic relations nothing whatever was done or suggested. France was too pleasantly occupied with entertainments and domestic concerns to trouble about a little question of war with a European Power. At last when the fleet was setting out for some experimental manœuvres a portion of it was dispatched to occupy an unconsidered portion of the Sultan's dominion. Admiral Caillard has seized without opposition the Customs House at Mitylene. M. Delcassé has assured the nations that the occupation is to be used as a temporary lever only; when the Sultan has settled the earlier claims in fact as well as promise the troops are to be withdrawn. The foreign press has decided to regard the occupation of Mitylene as a menace to British influence in the near East; but until France has made it clear what is the object and what the apology for her contemptuous action it is too soon to talk anxiously of the balance of power or the integrity of the Turkish Empire. It is not polite to a polite nation to presume at the first blush that she is merely land-grabbing.

The action of the French Government has been not less skilful than cool, and M. Delcassé is to be congratulated. Suppose twenty years ago or even five years ago, when Lord Salisbury advocated coercion of Turkey, France had seized an island dominating the Dardanelles, or suppose England had taken the same action to-day the whole of Europe would have been in a state of furor. The sanctity of the Dardanelles was a universal commonplace of policy and any suggestion of sacrilege would have been taken as a menace to the peace of Europe. To-day France sends an ultimatum to Turkey and before the Sultan has time to answer a fleet is threatening Mitylene. The four fresh demands are reasonable enough, and the firmness of attitude has had an immediate effect on the Sultan. He has played the Chinese game of procrastination with all the embassies in turn and now that France has won a

point other ambassadors, less decisive or hot-tempered than M. Constans, will each be liable, as the Sultan knows, to demand energetic action on the part of their Governments. The effect in France on the popularity of M. Delcassé will be immense and instantaneous. Has he not maintained the honour and dignity of the French flag in the eyes of the world?

Whatever is happening to their numbers, the courage of the Boers is increasing beyond all cavil. The attacks on Fort Itala, on Colonel Kekewich and this week on Colonel Benson near Bethel were pressed home with a daring for which we can scarcely find parallel in the early part of the war. In the last attack we suffered very severely; the total casualties amounted to 238. Colonel Benson and Colonel Guinness, both officers who could be ill spared, were shot down early in the engagement; and it was only by considerable skill as well as courage that the rearguard was saved from capture or extinction. Two guns were taken by the enemy. It is useless to minimise the battle; General Louis Botha was himself in command and his force numbered not less than 1,000 men. His known losses amounted to 44 killed and 100 wounded. As in each of the previous attacks the enemy were driven back: the loss of life has not meant the loss of the battle; but the capture of our guns, the very fact that the enemy are taking the aggressive, is likely to maintain this new courage, which seems to waver between despair and hope; but despair not less than hope is apt to act as an effective stimulus.

The total of Boers accounted for in Lord Kitchener's weekly despatches now approaches 14,000 men. To this must be added a very considerable wastage. Many Boers for instance on the Zulu border are said to have buried the hatchet, in the form of their rifles, and taken to the pastoral arts of peace. However great the assistance rendered by Cape rebels and foreign riff-raff such steady subtractions are more than the original sum of Boer forces can withstand for long. There have been many engagements. A force sent out from Zeerust was attacked by Delarey and Kemp in much the same place as General Louis Botha's attempt on Colonel Benson. We lost one officer killed and sixteen men killed and wounded. The Boer casualties were probably greater, and Commandant Oosterhuijsen who had led the previous attack on Colonel Kekewich was killed. Lord Methuen has had a succession of successful marches near Zeerust and but for the capture of a patrol of the Worcester District Mounted Troops news from Cape Colony is satisfactory. There was immediate compensation in the capture of a particularly troublesome troop of Boers near Aliwal North.

The bodily needs of the Boer children in the camps are more insistent than the mental; but Lord Milner could have made no better suggestion than that women teachers should be sent out to teach the refugee children. By the time the Board of Education has found and sent out the hundred teachers we may hope that the physical needs of the children both in the concentration and the refugee camps will have been fully provided for. The arrangements for the teachers are both generous and wise. They are to receive £100 a year as well as accommodation and rations; their passage out is of course given and the return passage to those who choose to return at the end of the year. It is to be hoped that few will avail themselves of this last offer. Women are more valuable colonists than men and much harder to get. Lord Milner also promises through the Colonial Office that there will be prospect of permanent employment for those who are capable and willing to remain. If these teachers show the tact and sympathy which are the two first essentials for every teacher they will do an incalculably valuable work in breaking down the national prejudices which the war and the Hollanders have done so much to foster. Those who know our elementary school teachers will deem this preference of women to men wise.

There is one point in connexion with "ending the war" which has received very insufficient attention, and that is the existence in South Africa of a very large, and for the most part loyal, native population, and the consequent impossibility of rigorously destroying supplies without at the same time destroying the natives also. The only alternative to leaving them with either something or nothing to eat would be to provide fresh concentration camps for their benefit; and as they are at once neither over-fastidious nor over-fond of work, and at the same time seem to have very few, if any, powerful advocates among the pro-Boer party at home, it would no doubt be possible to take care of them in this way, and so leave Lord Kitchener at liberty to try those ruthless scientific methods of extermination with which he is so often credited as it is. It is the undoubted fact, however, that amongst his many difficulties which are never realised at home, there is this native difficulty, and it ought to be borne in mind.

Sir William Harcourt in his letter to the "Times" calls attention to "the noble speech of Mr. Morley". No one can apply the epithet to his own three columns. Historic parallels concerning guerilla warfare in Poland and Spain alternate with virulent outbursts of personal animosity against Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Rhodes and other politicians who considered that the Boer ultimatum necessitated war. Everyone knows that Sir William Harcourt is too good a politician to hamper himself with convictions; but there are limits even to the privileges of an advocate. We have no wish to burke free discussion on the grounds that it will encourage the Boers; but Sir William Harcourt, if he had not purged his advocacy of patriotism, must have known that his denial of the good faith of Mr. Chamberlain's promises in regard to the future government of the country was vicious and calculated to damage his country. If the Boers do look upon the promise of equal rights for Boer and Briton as a "cruel mockery" it is the duty of every Englishman of every party to amend this prejudice. Mr. Chamberlain may have "a tongue and temper" well fitted to irritate opponents: Sir William Harcourt's letter is a capricious outburst, better calculated than any prominent politician's speech published during the war to "the promotion and exasperation of war".

The judgments in the case of David François Marais, who applied to the Privy Council for special leave to appeal from the decision of the Cape Supreme Court refusing to order his surrender by the military authorities, have not yet been delivered. But when the case was heard on Tuesday the Judicial Committee refused to interfere with the discretion of the Supreme Court. The latter Court had refused to go into the question which Mr. Haldane raised before the Judicial Committee as the point he wished to have discussed, whether the right to proclaim martial law had not been exercised beyond the necessities of the case. It is not probable that the Judicial Committee will in its judgment deal

with this point at all, except to say that it was entirely a matter for the discretion of the civil Court on the spot whether it should go into this matter or not, and that if the discretion had been exercised the other way it would also have refrained from interfering with it. In other words the Court will not attempt to decide as to whether the military were right in deciding to do what was done. To do so would have involved an evident absurdity.

The principal effect of the new Order in Council concerning the military department at the War Office will be to restore to the Commander-in-Chief for the time being some of the power and authority of which he was deprived in 1895. This will give satisfaction to those who recognised and wished to remedy the unfairness and absurdity of the arrangements under which Lord Wolseley assumed office, and it will of course please people who would like to see the parliamentary administration of the army lessened. But for this change, however, and for another that goes with it, namely the resumption of normal relations between the Commander-in-Chief and the Adjutant-General, it is highly improbable that the new scheme will prove to be anything very new at all. No decided move is made in the general direction suggested by the Hartington Commission, and nothing more is heard of a Grand Headquarters Staff. This last idea seems to be for the present altogether forgotten; yet it would have at least this merit, that it would furnish an excellent opportunity for ending all controversies about the office of Commander-in-Chief. The King himself would hold that position, an arrangement which would at once give to the Secretary of State all the control he required, and at the same time gratify military sentiment, and provide the country with the ablest available soldier as Chief of the Staff.

Thanks to his tour through the capitals of Europe and to America in 1896 Li Hung-chang was perhaps the only Chinese politician whose character was appreciated among the Western nations. His dry, cynical humour, coupled with his genuine breadth of mind, gave him a wide if vague popularity in the West. In the East he was long ago recognised as the one great Chinese statesman. He was especially great, after the Chinese manner, in concealing his meaning and obscuring his intentions. When he came to England he did obeisance to General Gordon's statue in Trafalgar Square: and no doubt at the time he was remembering how, after the fall of Soochow, he had hid from the face of Gordon who was vowing vengeance for his breach of faith to the rebel Wangs. His career in politics, and it is said in finance, has been of commanding success; but he has experienced the sudden reversals common to Chinese statesmen. In the Japanese war he lost those valuable insignia the Yellow Jacket and the Peacock's Feathers; but his degradation was not for long. He died full of honour and riches on the morning of 7 November; and by his death China has lost her only statesman who was of account in the Western world. In China he was so respected that as soon as his death was declared imminent the whole courtyard of the Yamen was filled with paper models of horses, chairs and coolie bearers offered by his many friends!

The election of Mr. Low to the Mayoralty of New York and Mr. Jerome to the office of District Attorney has been generally accepted as indication of a genuine reformation in New York municipal management. It is true enough that Tammany Hall will never again be so scandalously strong as it was under Tweed in 1870; but Tammany is not dead yet. It has surpassed all other organisations in the organisation of corruption and has seen its best days; but it is a product of that false sense of equality prevailing in America, according to which the settlement of all sorts of minor offices is put into the hands of electors who care nothing about them. Wirepullers, logrollers and bosses—types all as ugly as their names—will flourish in the future as they have flourished in the past. From time to time decent people, especially if they are not in office, will be sufficiently shocked at the prevailing extravagances

of corruption to demand immediate reformation; but the organisation of Fusionists as well as of Tammany is constitutionally liable to rapid degeneration. The defeat of Tammany and its impudent absentee "boss", Mr. Croker, is a satisfactory episode; but in historic importance it bears no comparison with President Roosevelt's recent appointment of a Democrat to an important judgeship, an act which passed almost without recognition in this country.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach began his speech at Bristol with a characteristic note of self-pity mingled with self-congratulation. So far as the coal-tax is concerned he had good reason to be proud; only a few days previously the representatives of owners and miners in Northumberland had publicly confessed that the tax appeared to have exercised no effect on the price or output of coal. His warning of greater taxes to come is of course contingent on the length and expense of the war, but the increase of general expenditure as well as the prospect in South Africa make a high rate of taxation a certainty for the next few years. South Africa will be expensive for a while after the war is over. In the meantime it is not over, lasting some years longer than was expected, a way which wars have. The Dutch for instance began to fight the Atchinese twenty-eight years ago, and the war is still in progress and in the eighteenth century they waged a sixty years' war in Surinam. We shall not be fighting the descendants of the Dutch as long as this; but Chancellors of the Exchequer will go on pitying themselves on the score of South African expenses for more years than it is pleasant to contemplate.

A supplement to the London Gazette issued on Monday night contained a proclamation by the King announcing that the new regal title would henceforth run: "Edwardus VII., Dei Gratia Britanniarum et terrarum transmarinarum quæ in ditione sunt Britannica Rex, Fidei Defensor, Indiæ Imperator". The announcement was happily timed with the return of the Duke from the first complete royal tour of the British Empire; and will be accepted both at home and in the colonies as a fit acknowledgment of the loyalty that girdles the British nation. But the wording of the new title is both academic and unsound. Australia, Canada and South Africa are not "British Dominions beyond the Seas"; they are not even in the proper sense colonies, but integral members of an organic empire though without certain powers such membership technically connotes. It was a pity to crystallise the relation of the colonies to Britain in a phrase suggestive rather of a despotic relation. The Latin phrase "in ditione" is even more unhappy in the associations of its meaning. The King to-day is Emperor of a British Empire and it would have been very simple to say so.

The meeting of the Chambers of Agriculture was made remarkable by Mr. Long's whole-hearted surrender to Mr. Rider Haggard. The pressing necessity laid upon the Government to encourage the splitting up of estates into holdings of twenty to fifty acres was preached five years ago by Mr. Haggard and like most sermons entirely disregarded by those whom it most concerned. But suddenly without previous signs of conversion Mr. Long on behalf of the Government has agreed to the gist of the original proposal. His allusion to Denmark, where principal is advanced to small holders from whom no interest is taken for the first two or three years, indicates the line on which Government encouragement might be given. The cow-pasture system which has already begun to effect much good in the Midlands was made to prosper at the outset entirely by generous loans; and the holders of the pasture-rights have found no difficulty in subsequently paying back both interest and principal. In all the twenty-five counties visited by Mr. Haggard depopulation was evident and it is one of the least varying lessons of history that depopulation of the country goes with national degeneration. Small holdings may be made valuable and popular if their owners will realise, as the farmers in Denmark, the value of co-operation in every department of produce.

East and West are getting close together. The last Indian Trade Report showed that the American enterprise which now threatens our tobacco industry has succeeded in acclimatising the cigarette in Bengal. It is now quite a respectable item of import trade and, where "Young India" congregates, seems in a fair way to supplant the ancestral "hukka". Less respectable but even more up to date is the introduction of the cocaine habit which has taken such hold of the native community in Calcutta as to deserve an official inquiry into its extent and possible suppression. The vice has so far chiefly disclosed itself among the juvenile population and it excited attention by the frequency of petty thefts of umbrellas and other personal property by its impecunious victims. There is reason to fear the habit has gone far beyond street arabs and school-boys.

Who does not know what Lord Wemyss would say about socialism and socialistic legislation in a letter to the press? But as a matter of fact he has a theory which comes in quite unexpectedly and it happens that his facts to support it are quite the contrary of the fact. Lord Salisbury, he asserts, guides the House of Lords into passing such measures as the Shop Assistants (Seats) Bill—not Shop Girls Seats Bill as Lord Wemyss calls it—and the Workmen's Compensation Act, and has prevented it acting as a sort of Supreme Court of the United States as it would have done once on a time in quashing measures interfering with the sacred freedom of contract. This, it may be remarked by the way, was never a function of the House of Lords, which in fact has consistently favoured what is known as social legislation more than the House of Commons. But that is nothing compared with the misrepresentation of Lord Salisbury's influence on the House. It was certainly not Lord Salisbury's enthusiasm for the Compensation Act that influenced the House of Lords; except for the clique of coal-owners the House was spontaneously in favour of the measure. As to the Seats Bill Lord Wemyss ought to know that Lord Salisbury actually made a jeering speech against it. The control of the American Supreme Court over legislation affecting contracts is too large a subject to discuss here; but Lord Wemyss exaggerates it.

It is not surprising to find a member of the Charity Organisation Society minimising the facts as to alien pauper immigration into the poorer parts of London especially the East End, as the Rev. B. H. Alford did the other day. Nor is it surprising to find the "Times" seeing such a problem as this through the spectacles of the society. Or rather it is quite a matter of course to find both deliberately shutting their eyes to what they do not want to see. There is no problem, says the society always, when social difficulties are quite plainly too vast for the doctrinaire principles of the C.O.S. to fit them. And the "Times" tries to sneer about the excited nerves of people (if they really appreciate the facts) because it is as eager as the society that State or municipal action shall be kept to its lowest possible limit. It is an obvious fallacy that because the proportion of aliens to the general population is small therefore the evil must also be small. A little matter in the wrong place—the eye for instance—may derange the whole system. If the effects on trade are not extremely serious, the overcrowding which aliens grievously aggravate has physical and moral effects that cannot be exaggerated.

* Canon Gore is so great an intellectual, so brilliant a light of ecclesiastical scholarship at a time when the lamp of the Church is not intellectually burning too brightly, that as a matter of sheer Church defence it is necessary for him to be on the Bench. He would indeed have made an ideal Dean of Westminster, a position which would not have interrupted the progress of his purely critical and scholarly work. But Canon Gore is much more than a scholar. He is in many ways a leader of men. His personality has an inevitable attraction for all, and especially the young, who have come in contact with him. His keen interest in all matters of social reform will give him touch with the people, which a mere scholar could hardly get. In this there is affinity between Canon Gore and

Westcott. We have not the less but rather the more pleasure in this appointment that Lord Salisbury has not been deterred by consideration of some of Canon Gore's political views. In Church appointments even more than in those for the Judicial Bench party politics should be ignored. Nor will any sensible man object on theological grounds. The Evangelicals have had a large share of promotion of late; and at Worcester a partisan Evangelical Bishop has been a conspicuous failure. There was room and imperative need for a change. We have no doubt that the practical work of a bishopric will drive underground that sentimental element in Canon Gore which we have more than once deprecated.

In a purple passage in one of his "Edinburgh" reviews Macaulay dwelt with emotion on the rest at length vouchsafed to twenty generations of statesmen, shattered in mind and body by the contentions of Parliament. Of late years the twelve o'clock rule, with plenty of golf, dry fly fishing and bridge, has done much to avert the shattering process. We need not make ourselves miserable about our Parliamentarians. The men much more likely to be shattered are some of the great Civil servants—the War Office authorities need not of course be considered—whose duties and responsibilities have grown with the State. Of these Sir William White, the Chief Constructor, whose retirement from the Admiralty, expected some time ago, has now been announced, is a shining example. The responsibility resting on the Chief Constructor is really hard to exaggerate; we seriously question whether the burden that falls on those who represent the navy in Parliament, part of whose duty is to repeat the lessons which they have learnt from him, is nearly so considerable. They have the Chief Constructor to rely on; he—though of course he has any quantity of suggestions and plans constantly pouring in—practically nobody but his own brain and judgment. The responsibility then is immense, but a fearlessness of it, which is a virtue in a public man, has, we believe, always been Sir William White's. His health, we imagine, has simply broken down through overwork, through an intense concentration on his task.

The death of Mr. Reginald Culme-Seymour will deprive the Oxford crew of the services of one of the best strokes of recent years. The excellence of his rowing was the prominent feature of the remarkable contest between the Universities last March; and it was chiefly owing to his calm judgment and irresistible pluck that Oxford secured the victory after a long chase. He had all the attributes of which we are justly proud in our best English athletes—strength, judgment, indomitable courage, generosity to his rivals and an almost excessive modesty regarding the merits of his own performances. His loss will be mourned not only by Oxford rowing men but by all with whom he came in contact.

The Bank statement of Thursday disclosed a shrinkage in the bullion and coin of £470,900 and the total reserve is lower by £782,500; the resultant of the various changes in the items is however a gain of $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. in the proportion which is $46\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. against $45\frac{3}{4}$ last week. The money market is harder and promises to remain so in view of the approaching Stock Exchange settlement and the payments which shortly mature on new Consols, local loans and colonial issues. The foreshadowing of increased taxation and the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer relative to the war expenditure induced a further weakening in the funds. Consols dropped to $91\frac{1}{2}$ on Tuesday but have since recovered, and close at the best price touched during the week. Home Railway stock have been very depressed, the declines being almost general and more particularly in the Southern lines. The American market has been very animated, prices showing advances all round in sympathy with New York advices, Union Pacifics and Southern Pacifics having been the strong feature. The mining markets have been neglected and without interest, South African mining shares showing a slight decline in balance for the week. Consols $91\frac{3}{4}$. Bank rate 4 per cent. (31 October, 1901).

LI HUNG-CHANG.

WHATEVER view may be taken of Li Hung-chang's personal character and sympathies, it cannot be denied that his death removes a great figure from the political stage. It is admitted now, by thinking men, that the twelfth century must not be judged by the standard of the twentieth. Other times other manners! and the maxim is equally applicable to difference of race. If Li had been an English statesman he would have been superior doubtless to speculation, superior possibly to nepotism. Being a Chinese mandarin he followed the custom of his fellows in taking toll of the great sums which passed through his hands. Nepotism rules in China with the full force of custom, and Li took advantage of his opportunities to place his relations in high and lucrative positions. Chinese viceroalties are as large as European kingdoms; and the Li brothers, holding at one and the same time two great viceroalties and a governorship, came near to rivalling the Bonapartes in the magnitude of their estate. Li himself was for a long time practically Foreign Minister, though holding the post only of Viceroy of Chih-li. It is in his relations to foreigners that he has figured most largely in foreign eyes; and it may be interesting to recall the circumstances which made him, for nearly a quarter of a century, the most powerful Chinaman in the Empire.

Li's opportunity came during the Taeping rebellion, and he knew how to ride to fortune on the crest of the wave. A distinguished scholar already, but without significant rank or distinction, he raised a body of militia in his native province of Anhwei and handled them so successfully as to attract the notice of the great Chinaman—Tseng Kwo-fan—who was then generalissimo of the Imperial forces in the Lower Yangtze region. He rose gradually to be Governor of Kiang-su—a province nearly as large as England; but was obliged to live at Shanghai because the protection afforded by the allied English and French troops made it the only safe base from which he could operate. It was during the ensuing campaign that he had the advantage of Gordon's co-operation; and it was during his stay at Shanghai that he acquired the knowledge of foreigners and of their appliances which tintured his subsequent career. The great Taeping rebellion ended practically with the capture of Nanking by the Imperial forces under the nominal leadership of Tseng Kwochuan, in 1864; and Li was able to assume real authority over the province entrusted to his care. One of his first acts on settling down at his capital, Soochow, was to remove thither and expand a factory for the manufacture of arms and munitions of war which he had founded with Dr. (now Sir Halliday) Macartney's assistance at Shanghai. This was subsequently removed again to Nanking when a fresh turn of the wheel led to his succeeding his great patron on the Viceregal throne of the Two Kiang. But the Central Authority had been shaken to its foundations: Li was set first to suppress another rebellion in Shantung; and was operating against the Mohamedan insurgents who were marching on Peking when he was recalled to deal with the grave political difficulty that had been created by the massacre of French subjects and converts, in 1870 at Tientsin. He was then appointed to the government of the metropolitan province of Chih-li which he continued to hold for a quarter of a century till he lost place and reputation through the failure of the naval and military forces, which he had organised, to make head against the Japanese. An attempt to review even the leading incidents in his prolonged vice-reign would lead us far. It must suffice to recall, as amongst the most noticeable, the Chefoo Convention negotiated with Sir Thomas Wade in consequence of Margary's murder in 1876, and the part he took in persuading the King to open Korea to foreign intercourse in 1882-3. His mission to Simonoseki to negotiate terms of peace with Japan; his subsequent mission to Europe; and return to Peking; temporary obscurity and eventual recovery of power are incidents within the recollection of all. The first evidence of his emergence from eclipse was his appointment to be Viceroy at Canton where he promptly gave evidence that his hand had not weakened, by taking order with the pirates who swarm in the creeks

and waterways of Kwang-tung. What part he had in the machinations which issued in the coup d'état of 1898 and in the troublous times that accompanied the siege of the Legations two years later, it will be for his biographer to tell. What the world saw was that he came up from Canton to Shanghai to await events, and was subsequently called north, reinstated in his old Viceroyalty of Chih-li and constituted colleague of Prince Ching during the negotiations that ensued. There was a tendency to scoff at the chronic illnesses from which he was reported to be suffering during the period of suspense; but reflection may persuade us that an old man of seventy-nine set to harmonise the foreign demands with the views of a reactionary Court sitting hundreds of miles away at the end of a telegraph wire may really have given way at times under the strain. Almost his last official act was to go out to sign the protocol of peace at a time when he ought not to have left his bed. And now that the tension is ended he has died.

Li has been accused of many things. He has been accused of being hostile to England. It has been said also that he appealed to England for help to prevent Russia annexing Port Arthur; and an Oriental statesman may perhaps be pardoned for drawing from our pusillanimous attitude his own conclusions as to which was the more dangerous. He has been accused of being pro-Russian, but again the corollary may have appeared to him reasonable that if China could not stand up against Russia, and no one would back her, the best thing she could do was to propitiate the crescent Power. He may have been right or wrong, but it seems scarcely a case for vituperation. It does not appear inconceivable that he may, as a Chinaman, have taken the course he thought wisest for China.

A review of Li's career would be incomplete without allusion to the part he played in opening the door to innovations which prove that he was conscious at least of the necessity that China should adopt the appliances of the West. The edicts in favour of railways, mining, introducing mathematics into the examinations, and so forth have been ascribed largely to his influence with the Empress. It was he who promoted the introduction of telegraphs. It was he who founded the China Merchants S. N. Company to run on the coasts and rivers in competition with the foreign ships which were superseding the junk. It was he who, as Viceroy of Chih-li, opened the Kaiping coal-mines and promoted the construction of the railway from Taku to Tientsin and Shan-hai-kwan. He was the moving spirit in the formation of a Board of Admiralty and organised a considerable foreign-drilled force, the cream of which was annihilated when the Japanese sank the British steamer "Kowshing", whose owners have never yet been compensated for their loss. To say that his ships were insufficiently found, and that his troops failed to make head against their foes, is to say that all concerned were Chinese, intent on peculation, and imperfectly conscious—even if their interests had not been affected—of the necessity for equipment, organisation, and stores so very far in advance of the jingal and bamboo-spear stage to which they had been accustomed. Viceroy, Foreign Minister, Superintendent of Trade, Board of Admiralty, Railway director, and a dozen other entities rolled into one, Li could not exercise efficient supervision if he would, and was notoriously badly served by his aides. His career is ended, and it will be for others to take up and press forward the schemes whose desirability he had at least the wisdom to perceive. He has been assailed, even, as anti-progressive; but we have shown that whatever of progress has happened in China is due to his initiative; and it is fair to remember that he had to encounter the full force of the conservative element which was able, even last year, to scheme a Sicilian vespers which should exterminate all the foreigners and the foreign appliances that had polluted the sacred soil of the Empire.

MR. MORLEY.

MR. MORLEY is unquestionably one of the most interesting figures in modern politics. He is distinguished from the crowd of speechmakers and titled incompetencies who pass as statesmen by two

notes: by his consistent application of reason to politics, and by his complete separation from the personal intrigues and prejudices of society. Burke's distinction as a writer and speaker is, according to Matthew Arnold, that he consistently applies the rational method to the politics of the hour; that he subjects the catchwords of the moment to the strict analysis of logic, not, it need hardly be said, of metaphysical or abstract reasoning—Burke detested metaphysics—but of the logic which is based on history, common-sense, and sympathy with human nature. Burke would never accept a policy or a maxim merely because it had been enunciated by Grenville or Chatham and was eagerly repeated by the King and the mob. He insisted on turning it over and over, on looking at it critically all round, by the light of past experience and present facts. "Burke's paramount and undying merit as a politician", says Matthew Arnold, "is that instead of accepting as fatal and necessary this non-thinking condition of ours, he battles with it, mends and changes it; he will not rest until he has 'put people in a mood a little unusual with them', until he has 'set them on thinking'." May it not be said of Mr. John Morley that he is perpetually battling with the mental sluggishness of the public; striving by his speeches to put us in a mood a little unusual with us, to set us on thinking—about South Africa, for instance? Though we do not of course agree with Mr. Morley's political premisses, we admire him for his determination to examine the South African question for himself, paying the very smallest attention to the line taken by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, by Mr. Asquith, by Lord Rosebery, or by anybody, except so far as may be necessary to illustrate his own line of thought. Mr. Morley's other mark of superiority is his social isolation. Mr. Morley steers his course quite outside the tides and currents that circle round Mayfair, St. James's and Whitehall. In days when even the man in the street knows that kinship and personal friendship determine not only political appointments but views of policy, and when statesmen who pretend to be enemies play bridge and golf together, this detachment from society is a great source of strength. This aloofness is both physical and mental. Mr. Morley is inaccessible to the influence we mean because he does not live in the world, and because he never stops to consider what effect a proposition or an inquiry will have upon an eminent individual or a particular set or clique. He merely asks himself Is this proposition true? Is this policy just or expedient? And, as he asks his countrymen the same questions in language which for vigour and purity "imitates none and is inimitable by any", he puts them in a mood most unusual with them: he sets them on thinking.

A good illustration of Mr. Morley's method of handling politics may be found in his speech at Arbroath. When Mr. Chamberlain makes a big speech we know pretty well before we have ploughed through the two or three columns in the "Times" what we shall find there. We know that we shall read about the "insolent ultimatum", the anxiety of the Government to avoid war, the wonderful achievements of the War Office, the wickedness of the Opposition in encouraging the Boers, and the unalterable resolution of Ministers and the country to fight to the end. All these statements may be quite true; but they do not set us on thinking, because we have heard them before, and they suggest nothing as to the future. But when we take up a speech of Mr. Morley we do not know beforehand what we will read.

We cannot agree with Mr. Morley that the prolongation of the war has been caused by our severity: on the contrary it is due to our humanity. But this is not an article on our South African policy; we are considering Mr. Morley's value as the candid friend of the nation. No one has drawn the situation with so strong and graphic a pen as he; and it is well that the public should look upon the picture. Mr. Morley is a clarifying factor in public life, and he lifts discussion to a high plane. Something of the sort used to be said about Mr. Gladstone, and so far as dignity and elevation of language went it was true. But Mr. Gladstone had held such diametrically opposite

views on so many fundamental questions, that one was always haunted in listening to him by the suspicion of "the lie in the soul"; the purity and nobility seemed to be on the lips. This is certainly not the case with Mr. Morley, against whom it would be more difficult to bring a charge of inconsistency than against any other statesman of his time. There are of course pages in "Compromise" which could not be squared exactly with the acts of a Minister of the Crown; but the discrepancy is acquiescence in forms, not abandonment of principle. It is well known that Mr. Morley and this Review are on opposite sides in politics. That gives us the greater pleasure in paying our tribute to a clear-sighted, clean-minded writer, speaker and thinker.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

IT is probable that the first thing the title of this article will suggest will be envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. This should seem to imply that religious education has not much in common with Christianity and nothing at all in common with Christ. A curious conclusion; for surely if there is anything quite certain of the Founder of Christianity's own attitude, apart from the system or systems of which He sowed the seed which grew up as thistles to choke it, it is His emphatic and in those ages wholly unaccustomed regard for children, whether natural or spiritual children. And it is certain that His regard for children would put their training in the things of God as the paramount care without which no care was of any avail. There must be something very wrong somewhere that the associations of this essentially Christian care should rather be of an unchristian description. And indeed anyone who looks back on the history of religious education since the Act of 1870 cannot help seeing that there has been something very wrong all through; that a disorder has crept in disturbing the whole system, breaking out from time to time upon the surface, but always there and always working mischief. Previous to 1870 there was no religious difficulty, for educational organisation was on a frankly religious basis. The Church did the larger part of the elementary teaching, other religious communities doing their share too; but each started from a religious and denominational standpoint, treating the children under its care as future members of a particular church. There was thus in each school homogeneity; there was no religious friction because there was no attempt to square incompatibles, no compromise to conceal differences. Unfortunately, most unfortunately, the religious denominational system did not cover the field. There were many thousands of children who were gathered into no school. It is no use seeking now to apportion the blame for this. For ourselves we admit that we do not think the Church did all she should and might have done. The different religious communities' defence, including the Church, is that they had not funds; and they truly had not funds enough to do all that was wanted. But they might have done more than they did. Anyway the margin of uneducated children was very large, and provision had to be made for them, and only the State could make it. One way of doing it would have been to recognise and continue the religious basis of educational organisation by subsidising the various denominations. The duty (with its corollary the necessary means) would have been placed upon them to provide schools each for its own people, all the schools being under the inspection and control of the State. There would have been no difficulty as to a possible margin that belonged to no denomination at all, for in fact every working man or woman, when asked, claims to be something in the religious way, and those who have no feelings in the matter say they belong to the Church. Had the Government at the time built on those lines, we should never have heard of the religious difficulty. We see no reason to claim that there would have been any saving in expense; and we do not know that educationally there would have been any more enlighten-

ment than the very little there has been. Heaven forbid that we should say there would have been less. But at any rate there would have been no religious difficulty. Unfortunately the Government preferred to create a brand-new set of State schools on a basis of local organisation. From that time there has been a religious difficulty, first because it set up a dual school system, one essentially religious, the other not essentially religious, each jealous of the other: hence ills innumerable: second because the religious situation in the new board schools resulted, and resulted naturally, in the acceptance of a basis of unreality. The Government, confronted with the religious needs of its new creation, of course saw it had become impossible to select one denomination as the authorised church of these schools. That being out of the question, as also the only logical alternative, the suppression of all religion, the complication became so appalling that Mr. Gladstone's Government with monumental cowardice "gave it up" and threw the whole difficulty upon the shoulders of their new created and therefore wholly inexperienced local school-boards, some of them consisting of some half-dozen village tradesmen. May be they thought they were displaying a Christian spirit in transferring the great things which had confounded the wise and mighty to babes and sucklings. Anyway they just left the school-boards to do what they liked in religious matters, so long as they did not authorise any particular denomination as the church of their own schools. The smallest forethought must have shown the Government that if they wanted a school system administered by elected bodies representing every sect under the sun to march, the first necessity was to remove the religious question from their purview. That question should have been settled for them one way or another. As it was, some school-boards cut the knot by suppressing religious teaching entirely; the most part tried to hit upon a compromise. This compromise, beginning with an attempt to discover and authorise the greatest common measure of all the religious denominations within the school area, inevitably resulted in but their least common denominator. In secular matters this might work; it might work in religious matters amongst those who were not religious. But obviously it could never satisfy those to whom religion was a reality in comparison with which nothing else was real at all. And to the honest believer that necessarily must be so. Sundry devices have been attempted. "Unsectarian Christianity" for instance: does that include Unitarianism? Christian Science? Deism? And what right have we to exclude Jews? Then there was the pitiful device of "only the Bible". As if every child did not know that the Bible is claimed as the stronghold of every one of ten thousand Protestant sects. Calvinists and Arminians alike base their mutually exclusive theories on the Bible. What is the teacher to do who has to expound doubtful texts? Not expound at all? Just so: leave the difficulties of the Bible to the child's unaided intelligence: a certain road to complete neglect or complete misconception of the Bible, and probably of religion itself, of the very idea of God. The fallacy of undenominationalism can be tested by two questions. Is the teacher to say that Christ is only man, or God and man? He cannot honestly, hardly anyway, leave that an open question; and his answer must either flout catholic Christianity or be sectarian and unfair as against the Unitarian. The second test is: find a common denominator between a Jew and a Roman Catholic. The denominator will be a very small portion of the Old Testament and the bare recognition of a Supreme Being: in effect natural religion. Make such religious teaching, which can take no cognisance of Christ, the avowed teaching of the board schools, and the great mass of Protestant Non-conformists, the backbone of "undenominationalism", not to mention others, would rise in indignation against it. And yet that is the only fair undenominational religion to teach, and even that leaves no room for the Turk and the Infidel. The truth is undenominational religious teaching is necessarily unjust.

The only way out of the difficulty is to restore

absolute equality all round by giving each all he wants. The real common denominator is a positive and not a negative element. Everyone is then put on the same plane, and it is a plane all can accept, for none is asked to give up a portion of what, if he believes at all, he must believe to be an indivisible whole. This equality can be secured by providing by law that in every elementary school opportunity shall be provided for giving denominational religious teaching according to the denominations of the children's parents. That was in effect the proposal of the Bill of 1896, it is the proposal embodied in the resolutions of the joint meeting of the Northern and Southern Provinces assembled in Convocation; and now we are glad to see that the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has endorsed the proposal in an address to be presented to the Government. On this basis the religious difficulty can be settled, the spectre can be laid which has haunted education for thirty years. In principle it is absolutely free from objection; the practical difficulties it suggests are surmountable. The system works in the Army and the Navy: religious difficulties are unknown in the Services. Even apart from its technically religious aspect, if we may be permitted to use the phrase we press for this settlement. Until this skeleton in the cupboard is exposed and removed, national education will never march with unfrightened, vigorous step. Settle this question on these lines and the waste and friction of the dual school system with its miserable suspicion and rivalry may and ultimately would disappear. Hitherto we have at best succeeded in keeping the cupboard-door closed upon the skeleton. To turn the key is not to dispose of it; for a spectre can come through closed doors. The thing is to lay it.

POLITICS AND LAW.

A SIGH of relief has gone up from the legal profession and friends of the Government, now that the legal vacancies have been filled up, and the transfer of judicial seats has been completed. Lord Halsbury has not disappointed expectation so much as he has surprised it; and it is impossible not to admit that all the new appointments to the Bench of the High Court are absolutely unexceptionable. In one case alone, that of the nomination of Mr. Rentoul K.C. as second Judge of the City of London Court, a very important but still technically an inferior Court, is there any exception to be made. This is decidedly an unhappy appointment because it is one of a gentleman who is of no particular standing at the Bar—a standing indeed which may be explained to non-legal readers as being very much of the same kind as his standing in politics. Mr. Rentoul is a very clever and able man no doubt, with a practical genius for that kind of politics which has always been considered useful for ambitious and pushing young barristers to pursue. Especially he has shown his practical instincts in this direction by a very close attention to the municipal politics which are of absorbing interest and importance to the City and its numerous Livery Companies. His reward has reached him in this particular vacancy at the City of London Court which is practically, though not nominally, in the gift of the City. The Crown has the right of appointment, and of course Lord Halsbury advises the Crown and is responsible. We think we shall find most people in agreement with us when we say that as the right of appointment by the City to the City judgeship was taken away in order that a judicial office should not be occupied by a mere puppet of municipal cliques and intriguers, Lord Halsbury ought to have respected this object and exercised an independent judgment. If he had done so, and been guided purely by what ought to be the principle—professional distinction tested by professional repute—it cannot be doubted for a moment that Mr. Rentoul would not have been appointed over the heads of better known lawyers. Why should Lord Halsbury not have considered the susceptibilities of the profession of which he is the most distinguished member by appointing not a political

lawyer or lawyer politician but simply a lawyer that was good? Mr. Rentoul, it is true, retains his seat as member for East Down; but it surely cannot be that his political services are so valuable to the Government that Lord Halsbury has selected him for a kind of pension, in order that the "unity of the Empire" should not be deprived of the political advocacy of so distinguished a statesman.

That is one of the curiosities indeed of this appointment; and Mr. Rentoul's good fortune consists in his being able to be at once a judge, and to continue his political career. There is no holder of any judicial office now, except the Lord Chancellor himself, and his new colleague Mr. Rentoul, with one or two Lords of Appeal, who is in Parliament. Most aspirants to legal practice through political notoriety are less fortunate in not managing to combine both. Usually what happens is this. Young barristers, who are sometimes unkindly called "adventurers" because they have no money and have no solicitor in their family, look round for means of cultivating the friendship of influential persons, or societies, churches, chapels or corporations; they become candidates for Parliament and fail at elections several times, but, as the money is mostly found by some party wire-puller, that is of no account to them. Or they win by a fluke, and are in despair to know how they are to live. It is a complete delusion to suppose that getting into Parliament is useful to the young lawyer in his practice. This the advertising barrister finds out, and then begins a series of intrigues and reiterated applications to the men of his party who dispense its patronage, for any unconsidered trifle in the way of office that may chance to turn up. If the years have gone by, and our friend becomes mature, and has attained a certain kind of mediocre reputation at the Bar, if he has just managed to get a silk gown, then he will apply, and entreat, and badger and almost bully, in the hope of securing a judgeship of the High Court by some odd chance. That has sometimes happened. It is quite extraordinary what luck of this sort some men at the Bar have had, while their far more distinguished contemporaries must be content with the kind of appointment Mr. Rentoul has accepted.

We are sure Lord Halsbury makes his legal appointments from the most amiable motives. He does not like to disappoint the eager crowd that has worried him; and of course a Lord Chancellor cannot be expected to remember so well men who pass their lives practising law, and are never heard on political platforms nor pull any political wires. It requires a sort of fervour for efficiency to be abroad to overcome this natural dimness of memory. There has been this fervour, and in the High Court all the virtues have for once been perceived and rewarded. It is not that anyone objects to real political distinction when it is associated with a good professional record. The objection is to men who are mediocre in both respects as an element. Experience in politics is by no means undesirable in the equipment of a judge. But it must not be his whole stock in trade. Better a non-politician and an accomplished lawyer than a more or less clever politician whose law is only subsidiary to his politics. If one recalls the names of the most admired judges on the Bench at the present moment, they are non-political lawyers, such as the Master of the Rolls and Lord Justice Mathew. If one recalls some other names to which political memories attach they are—less admired. The Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice, and holders of the most distinguished posts, are generally eminent in politics, but then they are invariably eminent in law. If they were not their appointments would be bad. When suitable lawyers like the new judges Mr. Justice Walton, Mr. Justice Jelf, and Mr. Justice Eady are appointed there is general satisfaction, and no one cares that they have not troubled themselves with politics. Mr. Rentoul's appointment is not good, because his abilities and energies have attracted less attention at the Bar than in other pursuits; and we fear that not even the distinction by proxy which is founded on a wonderful genealogical record, quite compensates for such a disability. "Men of the Time" points out that Mr. Rentoul relates back (a long way) to an Irish Lord Chancellor. Was Lord Halsbury moved by the argument from heredity?

THE DEATH OF COLONEL BENSON.

NORTHUMBERLAND, so proud and sad to-day,

Weep and rejoice, our mother, whom no son

More glorious than this dead and deathless one

Brought ever fame whereon no time shall prey.

Nor heed we more than he what liars dare say

Of mercy's holiest duties left undone

Toward whelps and dams of murderous foes, whom
none

Save we had spared or feared to starve and slay.

Alone as Milton and as Wordsworth found

And hailed their England, when from all around

Howled all the recreant hate of envious knaves,

Sublime she stands: while, stifled in the sound,

Each lie that falls from German boors and slaves

Falls but as filth dropt in the wandering waves.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

4 November 1901.

THE SOUL OF VENICE.

I AM one of those for whom the visible world exists, very actively; and, for me, a city, taken collectively, is as much a single being, as a number of people, taken collectively, is a single nation. And as love, or, at times, hate, can alone reveal soul to soul, among human beings, so the soul of a city will reveal itself only to those who love, or, perhaps, hate it, with a far-sighted emotion. I have visited many cities which have left me indifferent, perhaps through some accident in my way of approaching them; at any rate, they had nothing to say to me: Madrid, for instance, and Vienna, and S. Petersburg, and Berlin. It would be impossible for me to write about these cities: I should have nothing to say. But certain other cities, Rome, Venice, Seville, how I have loved them, what a delight it was to me merely to be alive, and living in them; and what a delight it is to me to think of them, to imagine myself in their streets and on their waters! Moscow, Naples, how I have hated them, how I have suffered in them, merely because I was there; and how clearly I see them still, with that sharp memory of discomfort! It seems to me that all these cities have given up to me at least something of their souls, like the people I have loved and hated on my way through the world. At least they have given me what they had to give me, like the people; my part of their souls. For, I end as I began, we can see or receive, in people or things, only our own part of them: the vision rising in our own eyes, the passion rising in our own hearts.

A friend who has but just returned from a first visit to Venice has been talking to me of what Venice meant to him; and his wise enthusiasm, in all its freshness, has re-awakened some of my own sensations about the most delightful city in the world. Can I, at this safe distance from them, call up what seemed to me, when I was there, the soul of Venice?

I saw Venice first by night, and I walked from the railway station to the Piazza, alone, and without a map or guide-book, in order to come into the midst of the city as casually as possible, and so find out a few of its secrets by surprise. A place has almost the shyness of a person, with strangers; and its secret is not to be surprised by a too direct interrogation. A guide-book is a necessary evil, but it is not when I have had a guide-book in my hand that I have received my lasting impressions. I have spent weeks in the churches of Venice, climbing upon ladders, and propping myself against altars, and lying on my back on benches, to look at pictures; and I have learnt many things about Tintoretto and Bellini and Carpaccio and Tiepolo which I could have learnt in no

other way. But what I have learnt about Venice, Venice as a person, has come to me more or less unconsciously, from living on the Zattere, where I could see the masts of ships and the black hulls of barges, whenever I looked out of my windows on the canal of the Giudecca; from sitting in the Piazza, within sight of S. Mark's, listening to the military band, watching people pass, thinking of nothing, only singularly content to be there; from strolling night after night down to the little promontory of the Dogana, and looking into the darkness of the water, watching a man catching fish in a net like a shrimping-net, while the sound of the mandolines and of the voices of singers who sat in lantern-lighted gondolas outside the windows of the hotels on the Grand Canal came to me in a double chorus, crossing one another in a strange, not inharmonious confusion of tunes; and especially from the Lido, that long, narrow bank between the lagoon and the Adriatic, to whose seaward side I went so often, merely to be there, on the sand beyond the bathing-huts, watching the quietude of the sea. On the horizon there would be a long, tall line of fishing-boats, their red sails flushing against the pearl-grey of the sky like the painted wings of great moths spread for flight: as you gazed at them, they seemed to stand there motionless; then, as you looked away for a moment, and looked back again, one of them would have vanished suddenly, as if it had gone down into the sea. And the water, which rippled so gently against the sand at my feet, had something of the gentleness of colour of that water which wanders about the shores of Ireland. It shone, and seemed to grow whiter and whiter, as it stretched out towards the horizon, where the fishing-boats stood up in their long, tall line against the sky; it had the delicacy, the quietude of the lagoon, with, in those bright sails, the beckoning of a possible escape from the monotony of too exquisite things.

Venice has been sentimentalised, by the German, and by the young lady of all nations. Lovers have found its moonlight and its water more expressive than the moonlight and the water of any other shore. Byron, Musset, Wagner, Browning, have loved and died there. It has been painted by every painter. It has become a phrase, almost as meaningless as Arcadia. And indeed it is difficult to think of Venice as being quite a real place, its streets of water as being exactly real streets, its gondolas as being no more than the equivalent of hansoms, its union of those elsewhere opposed sentiments of the sea, the canal, the island, walled and towered land, as being quite in the natural order of things. I had had my dreams of Venice, but nothing I had dreamed was quite as impossible as what I found. That first night, as I looked at the miraculous, many-coloured façade of S. Mark's, the pale, faintly-tinged marble of the Doges' Palace, I seemed, after all, not to have left London, but to be still at the Alhambra, watching a marvellous ballet; and, as it pleases me to be, in the very midst of it, among the glittering "properties", knocking at every step against some fragment of delicately unreal scenery, losing none of the illusion by being so close to its framework. The Doges' Palace looked exactly like beautifully painted canvas, as if it were stretched on frames, and ready to be shunted into the wings for a fresh "set" to come forward. Yes, it is difficult to believe in Venice, most of all when one is in Venice.

I do not understand why anyone paints Venice, and yet everyone who paints paints Venice. But to do so is to forget that it is itself a picture, a finished, conscious work of art. You cannot improve the picture as it is, you can add nothing, you need arrange nothing. Everything has been done, awaits you, enchants you, paralyses you; the artistic effect of things as they are is already complete: it leaves, or should leave you, if you have artistic intentions upon it, helpless. Mere existence, at Venice, becomes at once romantic and spectacular: it is like living in a room without a blind, in the full sunlight. A realist, in Venice, would become a romantic, by mere faithfulness to what he saw before him. People are always saying in Venice: "What a picture that would make!" but the things of which people say that are just the things in which nature, time, art, and chance have already made pictures, have

already done all that the artist should be left to do for himself: they remain for the photographer. The only chance, it seems to me, for the artist in Venice is to realise frankly that in this water which seems to exist in order that it may set off the delicacy and slowness and fine decoration of architecture which on land would appear to have lost the key of its harmony, in this architecture which seems to have grown up out of the water in order that it may be a flower on the surface of the water, he is painting the scenery of a masque or ballet.

And yet after all, but perhaps it will only deepen your impression of that unreality which is Venice, the masque or ballet, you will soon find, is over. The scenery is still there, the lights have been left on; only the actors, the dancers, are gone. That is one element of the melancholy, which is an element in the charm of Venice; but a certain sadness is inherent in the very sound and colour of still water, and a little of the melancholy which we now feel must always have been a background of shadow, even at the most splendid moments of the masque. Now, when art and commerce, the doges and the galleys, have alike drifted into the past; when the great squares are too large for the largest crowds that are ever to be found in them, and the great palaces, too large for their owners, are passing into the hands of Jews and Americans; when the tracery of Renaissance windows looks out between broken glass and roughly fixed boards, and the balustrades of balconies moulder and wear away under the dripping of clothes hung over them to dry; when this city of carnivals and masked balls, Goldoni's, Longhi's, is asleep by midnight, it may well seem as if silence and desolation have descended on it like a cloud. Why is it then that the melancholy of Venice is the most exquisite and alluring and the least distressing thing in the world? It is because that melancholy is no nearer to one's heart than the melancholy in the face of a portrait. It is the tender and gracious sadness of that beautiful woman who leans her face on her hand in a famous picture in the Accademia. The feast is over, the wine still flushes the glass on the table, the little negro strikes his lute, she listens to the song, her husband sits beside her, proudly: something not in the world, a vague thought, a memory, a forgetfulness, has possessed her for the moment, setting those pensive lines about her lips, which have just smiled, and which will smile again when she has lifted her eyelids.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

ON THE STYLE OF A TWENTIETH CENTURY CATHEDRAL.

UGHT a cathedral in the twentieth century to be "Gothic"? Can it be? The Liverpool Cathedral Committee took for granted, in an old-fashioned way, that it ought and could, and were probably amazed to find that nine-tenths of the architects were furious with them for so limiting the style. They have bowed before the gathering storm so far at least as to allow designs in other styles to be sent in. In examining the reasons given by the architects* for this rounding on the practice of the last century I shall endeavour to criticise them as a member of the committee might, so as to reduce them to the really valid pleas. The reasons given for a defensible position will not always hold. It is worth while in this case to clear away the doubtful pleas and get to the bottom of the difference.

1. The first of these pleas is that modern life and thought are so different from those of the thirteenth century that a church of the thirteenth century must be hopelessly antiquated in the twentieth. One writer expressed this by saying that to adopt so ancient an architecture was like going forth into modern warfare with cross-bows. The analogy is surely misleading unless we are to think that Heaven, like the Boers, has so improved its defensive strategy that it must be assailed with slyer and up-to-date weapons, something corresponding to smokeless powder and long-range

rifles. Now the fact surely is that so far as modern life differs from ancient in the matter of religion, it differs by denying, doubting or neglecting religion. The change in thought and habit then is an argument for not having a cathedral at all, but hardly for modernising the cathedral. In other branches of life, it is true, modern invention and habits have called for new architectural forms. A railway station, a telegraph office are conveniences for which there is no precedent in the Middle Ages. But these conveniences of communication have no analogue in religious activity. Religion is an activity of the soul which has become acute at various points in history, dull or dead at others, but when it revives it is the same activity and progress in material improvement has nothing to do with it or with the kind of building that enshrines and furthers worship. The cycle of properly religious ideas and transactions is simple and universal, namely the submission of the will by sacrifice and renunciation to a divine will, the attainment of peace and communion by this act. On this act by its stages of meditation, prayer, confession, sacrifice, communion and praise the ritual of worship is founded, and in its most elaborate shape figures the whole cycle by the dramatic presentation and mystical performance of the sacrament. On the skeleton of ritual the church is built and this skeleton and its architectural shrine were most fully articulated and clothed for the Christian religion in the mediæval churches. Protestantism reaffirmed the inner religious cycle, but more and more disturbed the outer by the inordinate place given to preaching. The detail of exhortation became the principal feature, and this reacted on the building frame by turning the church into a lecture hall for the discussion of theology. More modern times have added nothing. The doctrinal lecture has ceased to be so generally attractive and convincing, hence other kinds of entertainment have crept in, such as political and literary disquisitions. "Teeming modern thought" then, either does not include religion, or if it does, must go back to school in the ages when it was understood.

2. But another favourite argument is—"Religion remains the same, but its expression, its language alters. We do not speak to-day the language of the thirteenth century, no more can we express our ideas architecturally in the language of Westminster Abbey". This sounds plausible for a moment only. One writer puts it that we should not think of asking Kipling to write an ode in the language of Chaucer. Now the fact is that the language of modern poetry differs hardly at all from the language of Chaucer, certainly much less than it differs from the language peculiar to Kipling. When Mr. Kipling himself turns from speaking in a colloquial manner in colloquial verse and attempts the grave manner of poetry he returns to a language which has not altered for centuries. Poetry, like religion, is concerned with a few simple matters that do not change with modern progress and science, the matter of the passions affections emotions. If we revert to the mood in which these can be poetically spoken of we drop modern slang and use the ancient language. If this is true of poetry it is doubly so of religious language. Does anyone propose to rewrite the Prayer-book in the dialect of "Soldiers Three"? But what is untrue of language holds still less of architecture. Language is made up of arbitrary symbols, good in one country and not in another; these symbols may change their meaning and their whole system may become obsolete. Architecture is a direct expression of need or feeling that universally holds good when the same need and feeling revive; it does not age, any more than the natural as opposed to the arbitrary use of gesture.

In another shape the argument runs. "Gothic when it was in use was not only a sacred but a colloquial tongue. If we build churches in Gothic we should also build houses. If we build our houses in another style we should build our churches in the same." But Gothic, like the other great original styles, was developed expressly for sacred buildings. It was never really fitted for domestic building, and it is unreasonable to demand that the exalted style fitted for poetry or religion should be the same as the colloquial.

B

* See the correspondence in the "Times", and a remarkable collection of letters from architects in the "Architectural Review" for November.

3. A third argument takes the form of requiring some fresh and "individual" style instead of going back to any "dead" style. "Let the architect express himself" it is said. This desire does not take account of the facts. Architecture, in its broad lines, is a complete and exhausted art. The styles are not a few out of innumerable possible fancies in building; they represent at bottom the few possible ways of setting up walls, contriving openings in them and covering in the spaces from wall to wall with a roof. All possible ways of doing this in stone have probably been adopted or for good reasons rejected already. But it is suggested that inspiration may come from the constructive necessities of a new material like steel. That is true of the buildings in which such construction is desirable, but no one, I think, has contended that the girder and cantilever will inspire anything more expressive for church architecture than the stone vault. The space then in which individual design can play is very restricted, and what is called for is less individualising than universalising, that is to say clearing the ancient styles of what is accidental in them and irrational and fitting them closer to constructive necessity and imaginative expression. Thus in the classic orders there are many elements that have no logical necessity at all, and in Gothic cathedrals the cruciform shape, the arrangement of nave and aisles, and a number of other features are traditional, not essential.

4. A variant on 3 is the hope of getting design by suppressing the designer. "Let us have no architect", it is desperately proposed, "but only 'building'". Everything will come by way of good construction, knowledge of the material, and so forth. No great style yet has been made by construction alone, though every style is directed and limited by construction. Greek architecture mimics wooden construction in stone. Gothic architecture, even if it be true that the pointed arch came first into use as a convenience in vaulting, adopted it throughout for its beauty and expressiveness; there is no constructive need of it in the arcades and windows. Another alternative is to suppress the architect in favour of a group of craftsmen. This reposes surely on an unthinkable view of mediæval building. Then, as now, a leading mind must have imposed itself on the whole body of workers, whether called architect or not. The fact that the Gothic architect had bodies of craftsmen so trained that a certain freedom could be left them in carrying out decorative detail is scarcely an argument for handing over both detail and main design to workmen who have no tradition of style at all. That the mediæval workman was often a bit of an architect, is an argument for the architect at the head being more and not less a designer.

I think then, that if we are frank, and cut away all the arguments that will not bear looking at, the protest against Gothic cannot stand on the grounds that Gothic is an antiquated style and that modern times can produce something new and fitter. The humbler truth probably is that we cannot build Gothic if we would, and it is only on this ground that the committee's demand can be reasonably met. Professional talk about committees having no right to dictate a style is beside the mark.

The committee when they say "We want a Gothic building" mean this, that they wish to have a religious building and of the existing examples of cathedrals in England they prefer Westminster Abbey to S. Paul's on that ground. In this preference they are surely justified. Whatever S. Paul's may be, whether or not finer architecture abstractly than the Abbey, however much expressing might majesty and dominion, civic pomp and splendour, it is no match for the Abbey in religious effect; by religious effect in architecture being meant a combination of solemnity with mystery. There is sacred architecture as certainly as there is sacred music favouring the inward secrecy, the upward lifting of prayer. To this if the architect retorts that "the sacrosanctity of the pointed arch is a poisonous heresy" the committee may reply that at least it has gone to the making of unsurpassed effects in sacred buildings. If the architect is prepared to contend that other styles, Byzantine, Romanesque, Norman have yielded equal results, the committee may still argue

that in England the most familiar and prevailing is Gothic and it is foolish to lose the power of a venerable tradition.

At this point I think the architect must change his line and say, "The fact is we architects are all sick of attempts at Gothic. We have tried to imitate the old churches and it has been a ghastly failure. We have not the knowledge by which the Gothic architects arrived at their wild curiosities of construction, nor have we the bodies of trained artists who carried out their infinite enrichment. The shop-sham of the thing that we and you have been covering the country with and destroying the old churches with is nauseous. The cathedrals belong to an unparalleled age of frenzy in church-building when whole communities turned builders, as at other times in a feeble way they have turned speculators or novel-writers. Gothic is too difficult a style. The honest man will for the present let it be". "Then", replies the Committee-man, "you mean we must give up the hope of a religious building?" "Perhaps it comes to that", returns the architect: "This is not a religious age; we can supply you with a dignified, commodious, cheerful meeting-place; a few of us, like Mr. Bentley at Westminster, may compass a certain bare grandeur and solemnity; but in the name of modesty and honesty let us not pretend to Gothic". D. S. M.

TWO PLAYS, PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR.

FROM a talented writer who has not hitherto tried dramaturgy a better play may be expected than from a talented writer who has written plays only. By "a better play" I mean, of course, not a play that is technically better, but one that savours less of those stale traditions which beset the theatre. Light is likelier to be cast from without than from within. The saviour of our drama would be a middle-aged man who, after spending his youth in assimilating the outer world, suddenly discovered in himself a born dramatist. Alas! that kind of belated *trouvaille* seems to be impossible. The born dramatist takes to the theatre as soon (relatively) as a duck takes to the water. Straight down to the fascinating little pond he waddles, to spend the rest of his life in swimming round and round it, and feeding and thriving on the weed that covers it. Others there are who discover the pond only after they have learnt something of the dry land we live on, but they are the non-aquatic creatures—they cannot swim. When, after a fascinated and shivering pause, they dive in with a terrific splash, they either sink solidly to the bottom and there end their days, or scramble out as best they can, to be "restored" by kind friends and warned never to be so foolish again. But anyhow they do make their splash. The duck-weed does part under their impact. The water does bubble up. I, loafing on the bank, do get some sort of a thrill. In other words, I prefer the amateur dramatist to the professional. I prefer ill-given glimpses of real life to well-contrived panoramas of a life that does not exist. I prefer, for example, "The Likeness of the Night" to "The Sentimentalist". Both plays are equally well-meant. Mr. Esmond, I am sure, set out to give us a sincere story, but his slight knowledge and love of life were quickly overborne by his very great knowledge and love of the theatre and all its dear little old tricks and dodges. Mrs. Clifford, likewise, set out to give us a sincere story, but partly through her ignorance of the means by which real life can be without damage translated into drama, she failed to make her story seem true as a whole. Neither play, then, is satisfactory. But Mrs. Clifford, for all her floundering, does manage to get some real human character into hers. Mr. Esmond gets none into his.

But stay! I wrong him. The prologue to "The Sentimentalist" more than passes muster. I will not make him and myself ridiculous by comparing it with any of the great scenes of "first love" in literature. It would seem but a scannell tune if you tried it after the "Diversion on a Penny Whistle". But, so far as I am concerned with modern English drama, I believe that there is no other first-love-scene conceived with such imaginative truth. If

only Mr. Esmond had not ventured beyond his prologue! In the twenty-three years that elapse between it and the rest of the play he goes hopelessly to the bad. Scarcely has the curtain risen when we realise that we have to deal now with a hardened and irreclaimable sinner of the lowest theatrical order. Reading these words, Mr. Esmond may suspect me of confusing him with Evan Griffin, the hero of his play. True, this hero, who in the prologue was a young poet, has become in the interval a demon of worldly wickedness. But it is Mr. Esmond, not he, that I blame for his perversion. Had Evan been a creature in real life, with a real will of his own, he would have remained quite respectable despite the fact that he had been jilted by the girl whom he loved. He would have been much embittered by her faithlessness. He would have raved and sulked, and would have written in immature verse furious diatribes against the female sex. In course of time (say, when he attained his majority) he would have realised that it was hardly fair to suppose that the girl who had tricked him was typical of her entire sex. He would have taken a broader view of life, and would have begun to enjoy himself. Sooner or later, he would have fallen in love again *pour le bon motif*. By that time he would have altogether forgotten and forgiven his first love. Of course, it is just possible that he might not have done so; but as he was a poet, (and as poets are amorous and consequently forgetful, and as they are very quick to forgive anyone for anything that has quickened their experience and been by them moulded into the form of their art,) the chances are a hundred to one that he would have done so. At any rate, one may be quite sure that he would not have taken his jilting as the signal for entering on a career of dismal, painstaking villainy. He would not during the next twenty-three years have gone about the world betraying every possible woman under the impression that she was only too anxious to betray him if she got the chance. When, at length, he met again the lady who had jilted him he would not have glared at her and exclaimed "You have robbed me of my respect for women and of my belief in love", for she would not have robbed him of anything of the kind. In a word, he would not, in real life, have become a transpontine villain. That he does so on the stage is not his fault, poor fellow! but his creator's. It is Mr. Esmond who is the real villain of "The Sentimentalist". It is he, not his creature, that we ought to hiss. Unfortunately, the sins of the creators are visited on their creatures, and we lose all interest in poor Evan Griffin as soon as we know that he has been forced into that ridiculous stage-convention which ordains that a man who is crossed in love must go to the bad even though he had not the slightest previous tendency thereto. One must admit that this convention does not belong to the stage only. It is still accepted by many writers of books. Even Lucas Malet accepts it for Sir Richard Calmady. The fact that his jilting is due to his physical deformity makes it credible that he should have rushed off to the Continent (always, in these cases, the Continent!) with a view to profligacy. But that he should have become suddenly so dead to all his own self that he could ignore and nearly break the heart of his mother, to whom, throughout the rest of his life, he had been passionately devoted, is as incredible as that he, having duly become a monster of viciousness, should have been torn with agonies of remorse and self-loathing because he had not rejected the advances of an obviously "improper" married woman for whom he had a real passion, and whose husband he had never even seen. Sir Richard, as a villain, is a melodramatic figment. So is Evan Griffin. Some of the dramatic critics, thinking powerfully, have come to the conclusion that the scene in which Evan, purified by love for the daughter of his jiltress, murders the Duke, her bridegroom, is not quite probable. What do they want? What is such a figure as Evan there for, if not to thrill us with a murder? If the murder be really thrilling, as it is in this case, we have no right to complain. Evan's poisoned heart is quite uninteresting; but Evan's poisoned serpent is very great fun indeed. The doomed Duke is admirably played by Mr. C. W. Somerset, who, in expressing the emotion of terror, has no rival on the stage. Mr. Lewis Waller, who has no rival in

expressing grim determination, was an admirable murderer. In the prologue he was duly boyish and natural, and Miss Miriam Clements was duly girlish.

I have lavished so much space on "The Sentimentalist" that about "The Likeness of the Night" I must leave unsaid much that I meant to say. I should like to have praised in detail the drawing of the three chief characters. Especially well conceived is the dull, stiff, literal-minded English lady who, loving her husband romantically, has not the *technique* for expressing to him her love, and succeeds only in boring him to distraction. This Mrs. Archerson is a character that lives indeed, quite apart from Mrs. Kendal's superb impersonation of it. Only in the end does it become unreal. It is a pity that Mrs. Kendal cannot gloss that part of it into verisimilitude. Mrs. Archerson's unreality begins only when we have seen the last of her across the footlights. The knowledge of her husband's love for another woman never would have caused her to commit suicide even in so dreary a place as Gibraltar. The suicide is a piece of stage-convention at which Mrs. Clifford must have clutched because she was not sufficiently sure of herself as a dramatist to feel that she could bring the play to a conclusion that should be natural without being tame. But, even if we accept the suicide, we cannot believe that Mrs. Archerson, dying (literally) to secure her husband's happiness, would have left for him a letter to make him unhappy by announcing her heroic intention. Here Mrs. Clifford seems to have fallen a victim, not to lack of technique, but to that belief in the inevitability of moral retribution which is widely held even by people who do not write for the stage. To propagate that belief, she should have allowed Mrs. Archerson's letter to reach her husband punctually. Then, doubtless, he, being a very decent man in his way, would have felt himself permanently cut off from the woman whom he loved. But the letter is accidentally delayed. It arrives some time after Mr. Archerson's second marriage. Of course, it comes as a most unpleasant shock to the husband and wife, and natural (for the moment) is their notion that it will keep them for ever apart. But anyone else can see that it will do nothing of the sort. Anyone except, presumably, Mrs. Clifford, who rings down the curtain as though this fleeting emotion were the conclusion of the whole matter—the triumphant proof that the second Mrs. Archerson had all along been right in her theory that no amount of natural passion can save us from lasting unhappiness as a consequence of infringing the social code. Mrs. Clifford might have adduced a more specious proof of the doctrine of moral retribution, and given a more logical end to her play, if she had made the Archersons discover that their mutual passion, which had thriven on the forbidden fruit of intrigue, was not strong enough to thrive on the plain regimen of matrimony. However, much must be forgiven to a writer who during three acts of a play has shown us three really human characters. Mrs. Kendal I have already called superb. If you care to search the dictionary for still stronger epithets, you may write them between these lines, with my full sanction. Mrs. Tree, as the second wife, gave a very brilliant and touching performance. And Mr. Kendal was as accomplished as ever.

MAX.

PROGRESS OF THE NORWICH UNION.

FROM those who systematically follow the progress of the most important British insurance companies the annual reports receive so much attention, and so much is heard in various ways of the doings of the companies, that little opportunity arises for surprises to occur. But every now and then some special event takes place which pleasantly fulfils anticipations or perhaps "better betters expectations" than could have been thought possible.

The report of the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society which is published this week is a happy illustration of great progress having been expected, and of greater progress having been made. We hope that by this time most readers of these articles on insurance are fully aware of the increased strength of reserves

and of the improvement in bonus prospects that results from assuming a low rate of interest in valuing the liabilities of a Life office. Prior to 1886 the valuations of the Norwich Union were made on a 4 per cent. basis; at that date the reserves were calculated with interest at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In 1891 and 1896 the position of the Society was improved by the liabilities being valued at 3 per cent.; and now a further step in advance has been taken, and the valuation at 30 June this year has been based upon interest at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that, as a mere provision for meeting liabilities, a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis for the valuation is entirely superfluous; but as a means of providing future bonuses at a high rate it is of supreme importance. The adoption of a stringent basis of valuation implies that the difference between the liabilities provided for, and the amount of the liabilities as actually realised constitutes surplus which, in a Mutual office like the Norwich Union, is wholly available for the participating policy-holders. When, as in the present case, liabilities are provided for, greatly in excess of the liabilities that will be incurred the surplus cannot fail to be large, the bonus cannot fail to be good.

We knew very well that the Norwich Union had been very prosperous during the past five years; their new business has been exceptionally large, and, when this fact has been properly taken into account, their expenditure has not only been much less than in previous years, but has shown the office to be among the most economically managed of British life assurance companies. The Society has solved the problem of doing a very large new business, and at the same time keeping its expenditure at a very low rate. Probably no other office has so successfully attained these two objects which normally prove impossible of simultaneous accomplishment.

The Norwich Union was founded in the very early years of the last century, and affords a by no means solitary instance of the success which attends offices having their origin something like a hundred years ago. We are reminded that the Norwich Union came into being in the remote past by a provision in the Society's constitution that one-fifth of the surplus should be carried forward undistributed. In order to comply with this provision, which was a very wise precaution when the science of assurance was in its infancy, the valuation was made on a 3 per cent. basis, and in addition to the one-fifth of the surplus which was carried forward, an amount was added sufficient to provide for all its liabilities on a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis. Another relic of the past is to be found in the system of bonus distribution adopted by the office. The old system allots bonuses on a cash basis, which results in a decrease of the reversionary bonuses as the lives become older. At least as regards new policies, these conditions are altered, and members may take their bonuses in whichever way they please.

We have long thought that much of the success of the Norwich Union is practically due to the location of its head offices in a provincial city, which tends to enable the directors and manager to give more thorough and leisurely attention to detail than is normally possible in the City of London. In connection with the meeting of policy-holders for receiving the valuation report an interesting ceremony was held. The foundation stone of a new building was laid, a fact which affords material testimony to the substantial progress of which the statistics of the office give proof.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ARMY AND THE PRESS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 November, 1901.

SIR,—Some twenty years ago one of the standing objects of gentle satire or humorous comment in the clubs and in the press was a certain "mutual admiration society" which a then shining light in the army and at the War Office had gathered around him. Times are changed. The army no longer poses as a theme of admiration, least of all of self-admiration.

That honour is now reserved for the press. One of your contemporaries last Saturday week stated the case to perfection in summing up the attitude of the leading dailies towards General Sir Redvers Buller when he was placed on half-pay:—"The approval of the step expressed in the press has been most remarkable, and the few protests have been weak or hysterical. But though there has been a consensus of approval, there has been no attempt to over-emphasise the incident, and General Buller has, we are delighted to see, been treated with the greatest consideration and kindness. Nothing could, in fact, have been more dignified than the way in which the 'Times' and the 'Morning Post', the 'Daily Mail' and the 'Standard', the 'Daily Telegraph' and the 'Daily Chronicle', and the majority of the great dailies, have dealt with the subject."

"Dignified"! "Consideration and kindness"! Not invariably, I fear. I will make one quotation, from the leading journal, the "Times" of 21 October. In a brief review of General Buller's career I find these sentences:—"Here it was that for a second time Sir Redvers showed that he could conduct a retreat. He safely withdrew the desert column from Gubat to Gakdul. In glancing at the final chapters of Sir Redvers' military career it seems that there is a great fatality running through the history of his active service. It has so often been in withdrawals that he has prided himself, when perhaps other men would not have withdrawn." Is that "kindly" or "considerate"? It is a stab in the back. It is the cowardly act which every Englishman condemns as "hitting a man when he is down". The "Spectator" is a strange judge of what is "dignified"; but we may certainly expect a little eccentricity from a review which applauded the Bishop of London's hysterics ("with tears in his eyes" if we are to believe a critic in the "Revue des Deux Mondes") over "our great imperial poet", and which tried to start an agitation for the recall of Lord Kitchener. The press no doubt is aware that the army does not stand by the whole of Sir Redvers' speech at Westminster; but with the opening part of it, that which spoke up boldly in defence of the many gallant officers on whose one or two mistakes the press has been so pitiless, the army to a man sympathises. It is significant enough of the feeling that prevails that a year ago a reviewer in the "Spectator" stated with a tone of pride that he had not allowed his pen to betray him into one single criticism of the war or the army; and that more recently the "Aberdeen Daily Journal" assured Mr. A. J. Balfour that it and its Scotch contemporaries were guiltless of the indiscretions that had sullied the columns of the Southron press. The mere fact that these things are written shows that there is a feeling in the air that the press has gone too far during the South African war.

In a measure, that is, allowing for differences of political and other opinion, the press of this country is a vast co-operative association. It has, so to speak, made a "corner" in the dissemination of news and the expression of opinion. It is not always impartial. Impartiality would bid it give publicity to both sides of a question. It does not by any means always do so. In the face of this great co-operative press agency, the army is in a great measure powerless. To cope with it an army defence union is needed. If the Royal United Service Institution could develop a little more independence and originality of thought and action, it might well make its power felt as a champion of the just rights of the army. Under the present régime however that can hardly be hoped for. The most facile writer and speaker on the Council makes the "Times" the vehicle of his ideas. An Army League has been recently started, but it probably does not regard it as one of its duties to see that public opinion does justice, not injustice, to the service that it represents. It is indeed a strange thing that one of the two great instruments of the defence of the Empire needs to be protected from the press of its own country. Yet so it is.

You, Sir, have just recorded your views on "The Canker in the Army". Has the thought never entered your mind that the criticisms, and more than criticisms, of the press are fostering that canker, if indeed it

seriously exists? You can remember as well as I can all that was written of Lord Methuen twenty-two months ago, and you too have read the later panegyrics that have rewarded that officer's patient perseverance in the path of duty. Lord Methuen is but one instance. You too remember the thousands of letters that were reprinted, too many of them reflecting on the conduct and capacity of the writer's superior officers. These are the things that undermine discipline. It became necessary to forbid officers and men in South Africa to describe or criticise military operations in their private letters, and sometimes those letters came stamped "passed press censor". That was the result of publishing private letters in the papers. One West-country journal, I recollect, offered half a guinea for any soldier's letter.

It is evident that the war-correspondents who served in South Africa are of opinion that their services to King and country are such as to entitle them to receive the same rewards and decorations as are conferred upon soldiers. A claim to this effect was put forward at the conference of the Institute of Journalists at Leeds, and was again supported at a Press Association dinner by Lord Glenesk, Sir William Treloar, and others. When we recall the unflattering terms in which some of these correspondents have been described by their own fellows, we can realise that the War Office authorities will have a difficult task in deciding where to draw the line. Lord Stanley's personal experience will be useful. The time may come when we may see His Majesty holding an investiture at S. James's Palace, to confer medals and decorations on war-correspondents; but before that happens, it would seem to be essential that journalists in the field should submit themselves to the same laws of military discipline as the soldiers whose rewards they desire to share. There will then be less risk of a repetition of that unmeasured criticism of the army and the War Office, the just meed of which the war-correspondent considers to be "the same rewards as are given to soldiers".

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
THE AUTHOR OF "THE ARMY AND
THE PRESS IN 1900".

[With the general position taken up by our correspondent we agree. Far too many private soldiers' letters have been published. Also much of the press criticism of the conduct of operations in the field has been ill-advised and much more of it sheerly silly. It would probably be found that such writing was the work of mere journalists, not of military men. We may inform our correspondent, to whose protest we are inclined to give full weight, his position fully entitling him to make it, that what is written in this Review on the army is invariably written by experienced military men. Such criticism, our correspondent will admit, will not be wanton, and severity if not wanton is not in itself to be deprecated. The suggestion that war-correspondents should be decorated is of course farcical. Every genuine military critic will be in favour of making these gentlemen scarcer.]

ED. S. R.]

HYMNAL REFORM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 November, 1901.

SIR,—I always regarded Bishop Wilberforce as the Marplot of the expressed wish that Convocation should undertake to compile a book of hymns which would be generally accepted for use in the Church of England. The Bishop pleaded that vested interests were entitled to be considered—which was understood to refer to hymns then being prepared for publication. So the matter was dropped, and we have been flooded ever since with a host of collections. If my memory does not fail me the "English Churchman" of that time expressed its earnest regret, because there were then living men who were admirably qualified for the work, notably, Keble.

Charles Wesley was wont to say that anybody could alter his hymns, but that they must not then be called his,

Yours, &c.

HYMN-BOOK REFORMER.

THE BIRDS OF EPSOM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 Crown Office Row, Temple, E.C.

23 October, 1901.

SIR,—In your short notice of "Epsom: its History and Surroundings" which appeared on page 502 of your issue of 19 October your reviewer has made a rather curious error to which I am sure you will pardon my drawing your notice. The list of "Birds" which I supplied to Mr. Home is not as your reviewer states a list of the birds of Surrey but merely a list of the birds which occur or have been taken in the immediate neighbourhood of Epsom. The Surrey list is vastly greater and the statement which your reviewer makes that "it is curious to note that both the *cirl bunting* and the *green sandpiper* are described as very scarce species in Surrey" is, of course, extremely misleading.

As a matter of fact in my little work on "The Birds of Surrey" I describe the *cirl bunting* as "probably as common in Surrey as in any other county in England" (p. 127) and of the *green sandpiper* I did not consider that specific occurrences were worth setting out but contented myself with writing that "It has been killed and observed on many occasions during the last few years in Surrey" (p. 309).

Apologising for troubling you, I remain,

Yours very faithfully,

JOHN A. BUCKNILL.

PARALYSIS OF THE NATIONAL BRAIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eccles, 22 October, 1901.

SIR,—When a man suffers from indigestion or a community from an epidemic the doctor is called in, but when a nation is in a state of intellectual paralysis or at least torpor brought on by a surfeit of facts—picked up for the most part from print—with whom should the remedy lie if not with the schoolmaster? The doctor has studied his subject and can prescribe with a certain amount of confidence; can the schoolmaster do the same, or is education still in the "quack" stage of its development? May not teachers be still working largely by rule of thumb, looking, in deference to public opinion, to the wrong symptoms, as proofs of the progress of their work and neglecting matters of vital concern? The outside world regards the possession of information—which is tangible and can be easily tested—as the outcome of success in education, and few people have the courage to be judiciously ignorant; we are afraid to hazard opinions or to make shrewd guesses because we feel that in every subject there is somebody who knows much more than we do, and, for fear of being wrong we think it best to find out first what he says. But this habit of suspending judgment is apt to degenerate into intellectual inertia and to lead to an attitude of *laissez faire* in matters which can and ought to be decided. It is this tendency which must be combated by the formation of the "good intellectual habits", which, according to the Pupil Teacher Departmental Committee's report of 1898, can be acquired by "exercise in the elementary material" which forms the substance of school work—in other words facts and information are educationally useful in so far as intellectual power can be extracted from the manipulation of them as heat can be extracted from coal, and developed biceps from the use of dumb-bells. The training of bluejackets on board sailing-ships is educational in this sense, whether they are called upon in after life to handle ropes and sails or not. This is I believe the fundamental conception of education rightly so called, and the material practised upon is assimilated all the more readily and thoroughly since its assimilation is not the sole nor indeed the chief end of school work.

The first necessity for an intellectual recovery would therefore appear to be to ensure that our teachers had a right conception both of the end of education and of the means for attaining that end—and for this purpose our training college system must be improved and extended—and the second would be a greater trust in the ability of fully qualified teachers to do their work as effectively as the medical man does his.

The prevalence of examinations is, I think, often an

indication that the teacher is not fully trusted; and as these examinations are mainly tests of information framed to satisfy "the man in the street", who thinks that instruction, education and information are all the same thing, preparation for these examinations must necessarily hinder the most enlightened teacher in his work by forcing him to become to some extent a crammer—the patient or his relations in fact dictate to the practitioner his method of treatment. Nominally every individual is under a teacher for some years; the doctor is called in to a certain proportion occasionally as even vaccination is not now compulsory. Yet the State is more attentive to the qualifications of doctors than to those of teachers although education receives yearly millions of public money. A man accustomed to the use of his intellectual faculties will probably soon become tired of empty or merely sensational fiction and so the demand for "trashy literature" at public libraries might decrease; but the tastes even of the mentally alert vary, and are usually formed after school life has ended.

I remain, yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

[We unreservedly endorse our correspondent's main positions; but we commend to his attention the last report of the London School Board inspectors. It may be as unpleasant reading to him as it has been to us.—ED. S. R.]

PAN-AMERICANISMS—PANAMA *versus* NICARAGUA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

44 Edward Street, Brighton, 1901.

SIR,—If there be one work involving the exercise of extraordinary engineering skill, and unflinching enterprise, a work upon which the commercial, industrial and shipping interests of the world have been centred for generations past, it is that of an American inter-oceanic canal, uniting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. As early as the year 1514, the Spaniards—who, as pioneers, had explored and colonised those vast regions of South America—were the first to fix the mind of Europe on the work which, at that early date, was but little more than a dream. As time ran on, this dream expanded till it began to take shape, and centuries ago predictions were hazarded that at no distant date the dream would become a reality. Following the Spaniards, though long after, came England's beloved naval hero, Nelson, who, in 1780, directed the thoughts of his countrymen to the work. Still time ran on, when, after a long lapse, Napoleon III. wrote his matchless essay, which spread abroad the truth that the canal was but a link in the chain binding the nations of the earth into one universal brotherhood.

Time again rolled on, and still there was no canal. Then came Ferdinand de Lesseps, who, after having pierced the Suez isthmus, uniting Europe with the "Far East", turned his thoughts to the "Far West". M. de Lesseps recorded his decision in favour of the route for a canal, uniting the Atlantic with the Pacific *via* the Isthmus of Panama, as against that of Nicaragua. This decision was hailed with acclaim by his compatriots and the *Compagnie Universelle* was forthwith organised. This faith of the French nation, not only in the genius of their renowned engineer, no less than in his timely forecast of the danger, impending (even at that time) over European interests should this Inter-Oceanic Canal, be taken through a part of Central American territory north of the Isthmus of Panama, was shown by the enormous capital raised in France to carry this great work to a completion, and on lines which the great engineer himself had projected.

All honour then be to France, for embalming the memory of their enlightened and patriotic fellow-citizen, Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, in that he paved the way for, and forged the first link in, the chain of another ocean highway. And this work, be it noted—independently of its commercial bearings—was one tending to bring the nations of the earth into closer relations, one with the other, a union, bound to civilise, and thereby to humanise, all that could be brought within the range of its cementing influence. And who, it

may be asked, will be found to maintain that the completion of this Inter-Oceanic Canal, may not be another step in advance of the time when "All men's good, shall be each man's rule, and Universal Peace lie, like a shaft of light across the sea"?

Let me give the opinions of a few authorities. They testify to the practicability of this great enterprise.

Sir Henry W. Tyler, on his return voyage from Peru, in 1895, visited Panama, and in a letter to the "Times", said:—"I came to the Isthmus with the impression that the canal was a hopeless project, from an engineering, as well as a financial point of view. I am now convinced that if the proposals above roughly described are properly carried out, the work may be made a success, and the estimate of £20,000,000 a fair one."

Sir C. E. Howard Vincent, in a letter to the "Times" of September, 1894, wrote:—"From every point of view, the Panama route appears preferable to that of Nicaragua" . . . "The Port of Colon, on the Isthmus, is already the Atlantic terminus of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, whose largest vessels can anchor 100 yards from the shore." . . . "But all agree that if the great maritime nations would now join France, who has already spent £53,000,000, for a considerable amount of which there is value to show of the completed portions of the canal in offices, workmen's dwellings, engine houses, hospitals, machinery, &c., there would be far greater probability of the completion of this vast international work. Its importance for Great Britain is greater than for other nations except the United States."

Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun, in a letter to the "Times" of January, 1895, says of a canal:—"There is no doubt that Great Britain can, if she chooses, reap great advantages from such a maritime highway, concerning which it has been ably said by an American of high repute, that:—'The countries chiefly brought into contact by the Suez Canal are old, densely populated, and have few new or untried resources awaiting development. On the other hand Western, Northern and South America, Australia, Korea, Japan, and Eastern Siberia, are the abodes of vigorous, rapidly increasing peoples, possessing vast resources, awaiting development'."

The following are extracts from a letter which I addressed to a peer, who, from his place in the Upper House in February 1900, had made a speech on national armaments.

"I have no hesitation in stating that this subject of an American Inter-Oceanic Canal should be regarded as a great national question, one deeply and widely affecting the commerce and shipping of the United Kingdom, not only in the Western but in the Eastern Hemisphere, and that he is no true patriot who fails so to regard it. This opinion is based upon a close personal investigation of the subject since the year 1880, when I visited Colon and Panama."

"When pondering upon this proceeding, a strange and (as most men would probably view it) sentimental question has presented itself, which is this: Could not this subject of an American Inter-oceanic Canal be used under wise and judicious treatment as a 'harbinger of peace', between England and France? The present Panama Canal, originating in France, has been pierced for two-fifths of its entire length, and under revised surveys, &c., physical difficulties, which presented themselves in the earlier stages of construction, have been practically overcome. In fact, it is now pronounced by competent authorities, to be a perfectly feasible operation."

This was written with a two-fold object (1) to conciliate the French Republic, and (2) to defend the New Panama Canal Company from a vile and altogether unprovoked attack, and that by a revolutionist who had been expelled his country—Colombia. But, apart even from these, the Panama Canal Company will have the support of one of the most powerful financial institutions in France. Success will largely depend upon the manner in which the designs are initiated. The completion of the Panama Canal by France and aided if possible by England is the keynote of the enterprise.

I am, yours respectfully,

JOHN HAROLD.

REVIEWS.

THE QUEEN OF MYSTERY.

"The Mystery of Mary Stuart." By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans. 1901. 18s. net.

"Mary Queen of Scots and Who Wrote the Casket Letters?" By Samuel Cowan. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low. 1901. 28s.

MR. COWAN is not a professional author, nor a temperate advocate, nor a very lucid thinker, yet he will succeed in convincing many people by his very simplicity, like some artless old document. Many of his side issues are so heavily laboured that they go beyond what is necessary and by dint of superfluous excuses actually inspire doubts where no doubts had previously arisen. But on all the important historic points he has certainly proved his case to the satisfaction of any fair-minded jury, and no student of Mary Stuart's life can afford to neglect him as an authority. Except in very rare instances, as in the case of the Queen's flight from Loch Leven, Mr. Cowan eschews those graphic and romantic occurrences which serve to concentrate the public interest by imparting an atmosphere of romance. Instead of depicting his leading characters with all those intimate details and character sketches so appropriate in journalism and fiction, he prefers to introduce everybody with all the abruptness of a major-domo, assuming that their biographies are already at our fingers' ends. Regarding nearly all previous histories as a mere brief for the prosecution, he dissects them sentence by sentence, quoting a few words and then expending many pages on their refutation, fortifying himself with the authority of original documents as well as a distinct forensic ingenuity of his own. Several of his documents are now published for the first time and serve to throw new light upon questions of great historic interest. But these would have been worthless without the shrewdness and clear logic which he has communicated to his task. Probably the life of no other person in all history has been so terribly obscured by fraudulent documents and monstrous calumnies as that of Queen Mary. It was the object of her enemies to justify their own iniquities by every sort of slander and forgery, and every one of their malicious aspersions has been solemnly made permanent by inclusion in the State Paper Office or some private collection of documents. For sifting the wheat from the chaff and applying remorselessly the test of probabilities, no better inquisitor could be found than a cold and sober Scot like the author of these volumes. As he points out, despite the countless pictures of Mary adorning the principal galleries of Europe we have no certain knowledge of her countenance at the present day. Though he publishes no less than sixteen of her portraits, all excellently reproduced, no two of them are in the least alike. Indeed, they might be representations of sixteen different persons, or, like pictures of the Madonna, be the work of artists who had never set eyes on their model.

Of the important documents, which Mr. Cowan has set himself to controvert, the chief are of course the Casket Letters. Here he loses himself in an ocean of detail, such as his soul loves. To the general reader his dissection of every word and sentence is as uninteresting as the pleadings in a probate action, but those of us who are at pains judicially to weigh his arguments and evidence must confess that he has made out his case. Indeed our only wonder remains that accusations so improbable should have obtained any measure of credit against Mary Stuart for upwards of three centuries. These accusations indeed are so weak and disjointed that they would never have sufficed to establish a *prima facie* case for the prosecution of a dog. The alleged discovery of the letters, no one really knows where or by whom, their inherent improbabilities, the confusion of tongues in which they were presented, and the mystery which baffled every endeavour to secure discovery of the originals are alone sufficient flaws in the case to insure a non-suit in the mind of every impartial critic. But at the same time it is not difficult to perceive how so very clear a case has remained the subject of impassioned controversy during

all these ages. This indeed is excellently illustrated by the whole attitude of Mr. Lang. He has all the little tricks with which Macaulay and Froude and their disciples sought to attract attention. Instead of predicating, like Mr. Cowan, that his readers are all educated persons, possessed with a rudimentary acquaintance with history, he assumes that our minds are more or less blank and attempts to tell his story from the beginning. Instead of pronouncing merely the names of his leading characters and trusting to our memory to depict them, he begins with a chapter entitled *Dramatis Personæ*, and gives a minute description of their characters and temperaments. After the manner of his school, he is apt to lay too much stress upon such insignificant details as happened to be picturesque. We see one man hobbling hurriedly from Kirk o' Field in one shoe, another man treasure-hunting with the divining rod; we are told that Bothwell wrote in a firm yet delicate Italic hand; again and again Moray's attitude is represented as that of a man "looking through his fingers", and the phrase is repeated so often that it acquires a fictitious importance. Like Carlyle, Mr. Lang is inordinately fond of nicknames: Darnley is "the Young Fool" or "Mary's pretty venereous pidgeon", Bothwell is "the Furious Man", Moray is "the Puritan Brother" and Lethington is "Michael Wylie", a Scottish corruption of Machiavelli.

The danger of this historic method has already been exemplified over and over again by dishonest authors, and, even when utilised by a circumspect and conscientious man like Mr. Lang, still remains open to objection. It is the method of "begging question epithets" commonly employed by advocates, usually not of the highest class, as may be seen any day in the Courts, and it is the office of a judge to guard against the unfair prejudice it tends to produce on the minds of an unsophisticated jury. At the same time we must admit that Mr. Lang's *dramatis personæ* are skilfully cast and, though they will probably mislead the vulgar, may serve to relieve the confusion of students. But the significant fact is that, even with all the advantages of his romantic methods, in spite of the intense interest which the mystery of Mary Stuart has always aroused, he fails to sustain our attention very long. Setting out brightly and flippantly, revelling in eccentric details, he finds the going grow heavier and heavier as he proceeds, until he almost loses himself in the quagmires of conflicting evidence and, when our patience is at last exhausted, we leave him wallowing amid futile or insignificant problems. We confess that, even making full allowance for the difficulties of his task, we had hoped for better things at the hands of Mr. Lang. He seems to have lost his vigour in an attempt to be judicial, and we almost prefer our recollections of him as a vehement advocate on the wrong side. Although he is always dogmatic, he is often lacking in that dignity necessary to the rôle he has now assumed. Such a word as "strugforlifeur", for instance, is out of place in a serious history. And again the intrusion of various minor inaccuracies discourages our faith in his major premisses. When he tells us that, at the time of her flight from Langside, Mary's nerve broke down, "Like that of James VIII. at Montrose; of Prince Charles after Culloden; of James VII. when he should have ridden with Dundee to the North and headed the clans", we can only conclude that her nerve did not break down at all. In the first place, even the records of her enemies have generally done justice to the courage which she exhibited on every occasion. Nor does history bear out any of these allegations against her descendants. Did space permit, we could adduce plenty of reasons why James VII. could not have joined Dundee; we could throw a very different light upon the conduct of James VIII. during the Fifteen; and we should only have to quote from any standard history to show that the idea of guerilla warfare after Culloden was out of the question. To sum up Mr. Lang, we may credit him with a gallant effort to accomplish a task which has evidently been beyond his strength.

THE FLORENTINE COMMUNE.

"The Two First Centuries of Florentine History."
By Pasquale Villari. Translated by Linda Villari.
Illustrated. London: Unwin. 1901. 7s. 6d.

"THE sole aim of the present work", says its learned author, "is to offer a brief sketch of the history of Florence during the foundation of its liberties". And it is a book that will be warmly welcomed by the student of Florentine history. The general reader, perhaps, may find it a trifle stiff; still it is one of those books which he is likely to read, and if he carry away an idea of but one-tenth of it, he will be much the richer man. It will teach him, too, how laborious a thing it is to write the history of a complex people, and how much more difficult it is to write the history of a republic than of a monarchy. This, too, was a republic, shifting and transitory: in spite of its greatness a mere step in the natural evolution of the Tuscan people. Professor Villari is plain-spoken enough on that point: "For if we bear in mind", he says, "the beginnings of the Commune and the elements out of which it was constituted, we may readily see that all that happened was, in the main, bound to occur". Which is as much as to say that the republic of Florence was bound to develop into the monarchical Grand Duchy of Tuscany. That is a valuable lesson and doubly significant as coming from a conscientious scholar with many modern leanings. The Italians were an essentially monarchical people—as essentially monarchical as are the French to-day. Of all the numerous republics which existed in the Peninsula but three survived to see the French Revolution, Venice, Genoa and Lucca, and all three had become patrician oligarchies.

And we particularly commend the following to those popular writers who blink at the feudal system and antedate the "Rights of Man". "It should not be thought", says Professor Villari, "that the Commune arose to champion the rights of man, or in the name of national independence. Nothing of the kind. The Empire was still held to be the sole and universal fount of right. Almost to the close of the fifteenth century, in fact, all cities, whether Guelph or Ghibelline, foes or friends of the Empire, continued to indite their State papers in its name. The revived republics always acknowledged its supremacy. . . . They combated the nobles and combated the Empire; but victory once assured, they recognised the authority of the Emperor, and prayed him to sanction the privileges they had won". This is a valuable lesson, and coming from a source that none will suspect. "Nor was the destruction of the Empire at any time desired by the Popes", continues the Professor, and this is perhaps the most salutary lesson of all. Professor Villari can see with the eyes of the times about which he writes; so many modern "historians" are the mere victims of a fallacious subjectivity. "C'est donc une utopie que l'histoire objective!" cries one of them.

Guelphs and Ghibellines naturally play a large part in the book. One of the defects of Professor Villari's virtues is an extreme conscientiousness (this was sometime a paradox but now the time gives it proof). The two contending parties have cost him a world of anxiety (and research): he fears to seem one-sided even where inexorable fact requires him to be so. When an historian has to weigh two great political parties in the balance there will be virtue and defects in both scales, but one scale has to turn, however slightly, in favour of virtue. Professor Villari's scales do certainly turn in favour of the Guelphs, but not we think with a sufficient measure of justice. The Guelphic party acknowledged the Emperor and was, in the main, not opposed to his just rights; the Ghibelline party acknowledged the Pope and was frequently opposed to his rights and influence. The Guelphic party, of the two, was much more the party of liberty, chivalry, and true religion. To this day a Guelphic city (Florence, Lucca) is far more "simpatica" than a Ghibelline city (Pisa, Siena).

There is a fine chapter entitled "The Commercial Interests and Policy of the Greater Guilds in Florence"; it is one which even the general reader will read from end to end with an alert interest. Professor Villari with his usual keen observation notes the essentially

modern character of Florentine commerce. "We find", he says, "the Florentine merchants under the Arcades of the New Market, speculating on the rise and fall of stock like modern men on 'Change in great capitals'. And in the fact that the enterprising Florentines became the bankers of the Papacy he would see a partial explanation of their Guelphic sentiment."

It would be difficult to find slips in the book of so profound a specialist. But on one page we find Vallombrosan monks called friars, and on another a Dominican friar is called a monk. It was just as legitimate to call both canons regular. This confusion of nomenclature when speaking of religious orders is a growing, not a declining evil—hence we call attention to it. Mme. Villari's translation is unexceptionable. So naturally does the diction flow, so just is the choice of word and phrase, it might be an original work. The literary partnership between the Professor and his wife has been a fruitful source of pleasure and profit to studious Englishmen; may it long continue and yet produce many another work to delight and instruct us.

GERMAN POETRY AND ENGLISH VERSE.

"The Poems of Schiller." Translated into English
by E. P. Arnold-Forster. London: Heinemann.
1901. 6s.

FEW poets have come scatheless out of the process of "translation"; none has ever been known to survive the cruder operation euphemistically termed "rendering" into a foreign tongue. The old idea of translation as transportation to Elysium without the pains of death has cruelly betrayed the literary spirit of many a great and honoured writer whether of verse or prose. So in this present case the great German poet could hardly hope for an abiding place on the heights of our English Parnassus through the medium of the volume before us. To do the translator all justice he frankly appeals more to the industrious German student of English in search of literary illustrations for his "Otto" than to the Englishmen who would enjoy one of the greatest masters of ballad. At least we may say of him and his subject as Pistol of Falstaff's attentions to Mistress Ford "He hath studied her well and translated her out of honesty into English". The work though not free from careless blunders is at least honest; unfortunately while the original is poetry the rendering is for the most part but "Prose in Rhyme".

This version will certainly not supersede Bulwer Lytton's vigorous and scholarly interpretation, while for the curious in Schiller literature there exists already an almost literal rendering which includes most of the much-disputed "Suppressed Poems" from the Anthology that are perhaps wisely omitted from the present volume. Most of the universally acknowledged poems, however, covering the whole period from 1782 to the year of Schiller's death twenty-three years later, find a place, with the exception of the somewhat free but powerful translation from the *Æneid*. Not unnaturally the Ballads are the least satisfactory in their English form. Schiller produced the greatest of them,—*"The Fight with the Dragon"*, *"The Diver"*, *"The Ring of Polycrates"*, *"The Cranes of Ibycus"* within a few years, and if not in rivalry with at least under the inspiration of Goethe. The terse vigorous expression combined in masterly fashion with the "sesquipedalia verba" of the original are wholly wanting. How feeble the rendering of:

"Und hohler und hohler hört man's heulen
Und es harrt noch mit bangem, mit schrecklichem
Weilen"

by
"But hoarser and hoarser resounds the cry
And the critical moments will never go by".

At times the translator is even faithless to the German, not "splendide mendax" as was Coleridge in the *"Piccolomini"* and *"Death of Wallenstein"* but feebly paraphrasical.

"The shark that ubiquitous scourge of the sea"

gives not the faintest sense of the Weird and Loathsome forced upon one by

"Der entsetzliche Hay, des Meeres Hyäne".

And yet it is pre-eminently by these ballads that Schiller will always live.

Curiously enough it is in the more philosophic and obscure poems, brimful of figurative allusions and rather obscure metaphors, that Mr. Arnold-Forster is happiest. In many of these the translation is characterised by real felicity of expression and phrase. Thus in "The Artists", one of the most ambitious of Schiller's earlier works and, as he himself confessed, his favourite, while no attempt has been made to adhere too closely to the irregular metre of the original there is elegance as well as fidelity in the lines

"The Graces sport in wanton idleness
And with a chastened mien and soft address
Around him cast their all-entrancing chain,
Softly as lines of beauty interlace."

Indeed the whole of this elaborate Defence of Beauty and Art

"That spirit whose commanding might
Even Necessity with grace surrounds"

is Schiller's Confession of the Faith that was in him, that the Art of Painter and Poet, and the Truth of Philosopher and Metaphysician, are but the co-ordinated parts of one great whole. We find the same idea developed again and again with extraordinary wealth of imagery in all his poems illustrative of the growth of civilisation, of the "Kultur-Geschichte" of modern German thought, "The Walk", "The Eleusinian Festival" and "The Four Ages". In the first of these, originally published as an "Elegy" the elegiac metre of the German original has been adhered to, with what success may be judged from such lines as

"Into the innermost realms of the heart, of private affection
Severing friend from friend forces the toady his way".

These "lame hexameters" cannot but fail to satisfy the ear. Even the German, where Schiller as in this poem sets about translating the beautiful epitaph of Simonides of Ceos carved upon the column at Thermopylae, hardly succeeds in extracting the quintessence of the Greek:

"Wanderer, kommst du nach Sparta, verkündige
dorten du habest

Uns hier liegen gesehen, wie das Gesetz es befahl".

But the English is a long step further removed:

"And if thou comest to Sparta proclaim, good
traveller, yonder

"How thou hast seen us lie here where our duty
ordained".

How much simpler and more effective is John Sterling's bold abandonment of the Elegiac:

"To those of Lacedaemon, stranger, tell
That as their laws commanded here we fell."

But Schiller was so saturated with the classical spirit that he was never weary of adopting classical metres. Not that he ignored the artificiality and pedantry associated with "Griechheit" among his own contemporaries. He laughs them out of their foolish affectation:

"Scarce has the agued chill of Gallomania left us
Than in a feverish heat blind Grecomania comes.
What did Greekism mean? Intelligence, easy Proportion?

Then, good sirs, I beg let Grecomania lie."

A little patience, gentlemen, he entreats, before you make yourselves absurd with your sorry Pseudo-Classicism!

The position given to the poet's farewell with which the volume ends is scarcely just to its author. Written as it was by way of Envoi for the "Almanach of the Muses" of the year 1796 before any of the Ballads, or the "Song of the Bell" had been produced, Schiller's modest foretelling:

"So long alone these songs of mine shall live
As they can find a sympathetic mind,

To distant ages they will not survive
Their task is done and they will fall behind."

was no doubt subsequently qualified in his own estimate of himself, as it has been abundantly falsified in the minds of subsequent generations not alone of German-speaking peoples.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

"The Philosophy of Religion in England and America."

By Alfred Caldecott. London: Methuen. 1901. 10s. 6d.

"Modern Natural Theology." By Frederick James Gant. London: Elliot Stock. 1901. 2s. 6d. net.

TO be a philosophic sceptic is, in a man of letters, the first and most essential step towards being a sound believing Christian." Whether Hume meant this or not, he was describing a position which has seemed safe and sound to many acute minds. Luther called reason "the bride of the Devil", Pascal preferred to listen to "the convictions of the heart", Mansel equipped an Agnostic arsenal to compel men to believe. Nor is this attitude towards reason wholly unjustifiable. Reason so often retreats from the chosen path, so often confesses ignorance, that she seems to invite dismissal. And the seeker for God, having dismissed her, resigns himself to revelation. He accepts truth imparted through extraordinary channels, attested, as Dr. Caldecott says, "by external credentials or by internal evidence". At this moment men of real ability are maintaining their belief in historic Christianity, or actually accepting such a belief, on lines which are distinct from those laid down by "natural reason". They believe in God because they believe in a supernatural Christ, and some believe in a supernatural Christ because they believe in a supernatural Church. But there are others who certainly believe in God because the ordinary processes of their thought convince them that God exists. They feel assured, and yet their assurance has been reached by widely varying methods. English-speaking thinkers alone give us "not a single Theism but a complex literature". The general tendency is to justify religious belief by proofs from causality and from the nature of morality. And modern science by its doctrine of evolution and its emphasis on will has rendered the first class of proofs more attractive than ever.

The value of the doctrine of evolution for natural theology has been explained by Dr. Gant in a manner which illustrates this new attraction. But many thinkers who are not Theists, and some who are, agree that these two classes of proof do not prove the existence of a Divine Person. They regard them as a sufficient argument for Pantheism, but not enough for Theism. Therefore arguments from causality and morality are always being supplemented by those writers who are consciously Theists. Liddon openly appealed to man's intuition of a Divine Person. Martineau did the same, without being fully aware of the fact that he was so doing. Others appeal to our perception of beauty as awakening a sense of relationship with divine love. And it is worth noting that writers who are not Theists in any strict sense of the word seem compelled to use quasi-theistic arguments. This is the case in some works of Herbert Spencer, and certainly of Seeley. In both writers the idea of personality has slipped back into the conception of the divine reality. Therefore Cardinal Newman, in spite of serious defects in his view of reason, was right in holding that our natural Theism must be based on our whole personality. It is just because our whole personality is so important to us that they who reject a personal God find themselves on the verge of believing in Him, while those who believe in Him ought to ground their assurance on the widest possible basis. They have not always done this. And the result is that there seems to be contradiction when there is only variety. This variety is no proof that God does not exist, but rather suggests that He is operative in every mind.

If He is so operative in those who know nothing of a revelation through external channels, we must admit that natural theology is no illusion and that scepticism is not, as Hume said, the first step towards being a sound Christian. The Transcendental Idealists have done good service to human thought in showing this. For they have made their disciples familiar with the

idea of God as known through experience, as existing in and through it all. Thus all the universe is regarded as a revelation of God. But this school of philosophy, which has done great service to religion, has not entirely vindicated itself in Christian eyes. It has tended to move Christ out of the region of history into that of ideas, and has bidden men to think of God as possessing no character over and above the sum of all that can be known by men. Dr. Caldecott has briefly and clearly shown this. His treatment of Transcendental Idealism is lucid and sympathetic, but does not disguise the fact that writers like Green have tended to eliminate as accidental much that is essential to Christianity. And we regret that Dr. Gant in the book now before us has not made a better statement of the historical evidence for the life of Christ. It is a great deal stronger than he makes it seem to be. In his desire to be fair, he is unfair to his own side.

POLITICAL THEORISING.

"Political Theories of the Middle Age." By Dr. Otto Gierke. Translated with an Introduction by Frederic William Maitland. Cambridge: at the University Press. 10s.

PROFESSOR MAITLAND deserves the thanks of English readers for this scholarly translation of an essay in which the qualities of erudition and a popular style are most happily combined. Its author holds a foremost place in the historic school of jurists, and like his distinguished translator has laid the students of mediæval life and politics under heavy obligations. It is improbable that many Englishmen would have the courage to attack, even in the form of a translation, the great and still unfinished work of which Professor Maitland has here edited a single section. The practical advantages which are claimed for the "Realist" mode of conceiving corporate bodies have been secured in English law by circuitous routes and the unsparing use of fictions. There is no doubt that by reforming our theoretical conceptions we should make the law more intelligible and consistent; but so long as laymen shirk the difficulties of reform and lawyers resent any movement towards abating the mysteries of their science it is not likely that we shall take much interest in the voluminous controversy to which Gierke and others have devoted all their resources of research and logic. But of this controversy there is one side which will attract many who shun the intricacies of analytic jurisprudence. The State and the Corporation have so much in common that neither can be treated without regard to the other. Thus Gierke is led on from the lawyers to the publicists of the Middle Ages, and in the fragment before us he traces the development of political philosophy from the eleventh to the sixteenth century. One need not be a lawyer to read him with enjoyment in this stage of his investigations.

The theories which he expounds will not be altogether new even to the general reader. Some are to be found in Mr. Bryce's essay on the Holy Roman Empire. Those of the conciliar epoch are brilliantly summarised by the late Bishop of London in the first volume of his "History of the Papacy". But one hardly knows where to look, except in Gierke's work, for a connected account of the whole subject; and the exhaustive references contained in the notes will be useful even to specialists. The author has a unique acquaintance with the legal and philosophic literature of the period which he handles. There is no reason to suppose that any writer will ever supersede his sketch, if it be considered in its proper proportions, as a summary of the opinions held by a small and cosmopolitan class of learned men, few of whom were actors in the events to which their theories related. This class had definite traditions and a continuous existence and was agreed upon first principles. It had therefore a great opportunity for exercising intellectual influence and, in fact, its members were recognised as an aristocracy of mind. Yet they did not completely represent the ideas of the politicians among whom they wrote nor completely mould the minds of the disciples by whom their writings were painfully digested. The man of action is not always nor

often a born thinker; but now and then he thinks to some purpose, and his thoughts have all the more influence on the world because there is in them a touch of earth which exposes them to the contempt and neglect of the systematic theorist. Again there are writers, incapable of system or even of consistency, who are quick to observe the forces and the tendencies of their age, and sufficiently reflective to express them in the form of general principles. Such writers, a Bracton, a Beaumanoir, a Fortescue, may be worthless as philosophers; but they often succeed where better men have failed in expressing the latent convictions of their countrymen; and the idea which was already potent becomes far more so when they have put it into words. National statesmen and national jurists should have a prominent place accorded to them in the history of political science. The valuable generalisations of political science are usually inductive in their origin; and it is not by the system-builders that inductions are most often made or most correctly stated. The function of the system-builder seems to be that of accommodating new-born truth to the swaddling clothes of ancient general principles. And if we have any complaint to make of Gierke's work it is this, that he deals more with the process of accommodation than with those of birth and growth. The way in which political ideas develop cannot be gathered from the dialectic of the schoolmen; who in politics at least were not of that class which follows whithersoever the argument may lead. Their arguments were ladders by which they descended from any starting point prescribed by antiquity to any conclusion recommended by their private humours.

IDLE SKETCHES.

"The Nineteenth Century." London and New York: Putnams. 1901. 10s. 6d.

WE cannot understand with what purpose books such as this are made. If its sub-title "a Review of Progress" were to be borne out by the contents, to be in any sense adequate it would have to run to at least a dozen volumes; as it is, the subjects treated of have to be selected arbitrarily and the writers subjected to a Procrustean process of abbreviation. For instance the progress of painting during the century is treated in ten pages and a half, while Mr. Gosse has one page more in which to tell the tale of an epoch that has been perhaps more productive in literature than any other since time began and that literature by no means the least worthy of serious consideration that the world has known. We do not say that Mr. Gosse was a bad selection for the purpose but we are surprised to find Mr. Leslie Stephen responsible for an essay on "Evolution and Religious Conception". It is needless to say that he writes an interesting sketch but that it should go forth to the world as the "record of progress" under such conditions must certainly be somewhat matter for surprise. Mr. Andrew Lang's sketch of "Psychical Research" is, like everything he writes, eminently readable and quite in its place here and Mr. Lummis tells a fascinating story of the eminent success of one-man rule in Mexico. Porfirio Diaz will undoubtedly take his place among the builders of nations of the past century. American "Imperialists" should bear in mind this writer's dictum, "it is not Mexico but we who are 'fooled' when we omit her from the category of the nations that count". Mr. Arthur Sedgwick's summary treatment of English political development is both unfair and impertinent. The British people's recognition that they have a duty to their Empire is a scandal to this writer who also holds that the secret methods of the Foreign Office allow our leaders to practise unchecked the policy of Machiavelli. We had thought that the charge brought by the old school of Radicals against the "new diplomacy" was that it threw open to public comment matters which the wiser statesmen of old days concealed; however no sane American is likely to look to Mr. Sedgwick's twelve pages for an adequate account of a century of English history.

The introduction to this volume does not explain why it was put together at all. As the anonymous author

elegantly phrases it "the siècle which we can at last write 'fin' is safe for a score of years at least from hearing any presumptuous mortal speak of its 'mouldy opinions'". In spite of the inclusion of several well-known names we trust that posterity will not turn to this futile record to learn what the nineteenth century achieved.

NOVELS.

"The Wooing of Sheila." By Grace Rhys. London: Methuen. 1901. 6s.

This is a charming story of an Irish countryside in the days before the famine. The heroine is as winsome a fairy as ever Irish tale-teller created, and though there is much sorrow in passing there is a happy close. It is, as an old housekeeper here observes, "a sin for an ould bald head and ould white one hatin' each other to the edge of the grave. The snow covers all in winter." Yet old Hawks of Killaraa and old Power of Tallat hated each other with a black hate, for Power had robbed Hawks alike of the handsome Miss Burke and the fields by Swanlabar. And the hatred was none the less fierce for that Squire Power got a "bitter bad bargain" in the wife who ever loved his foe. Therefore in revenge, when she was dead, he brought up her son Michael as a servant, and Michael lived a cruel life, until one day he heard Sheila McBride, who lived in the cottage on the hill, sing. Sheila had been bred like a queen, and Michael's wooing was no easy one, even after his father's death (that death scene where John Power who has piled sin on sin and goes a strong man to his account in the presence of his foe recalls "Wuthering Heights") had made him lord of Tallat. And then "Will the devil" old Hawks' son cast an evil eye on Sheila, and he died by Michael's hand. And on the wedding day the strange red-bearded red-coated "natural" with biting tongue, and kindly heart; Mick a Dandy, who was ever running over the fields with his cur and crowing like a cock, told Sheila of the crime, wherefore she cast her wedding ring into the nettles and fled back to her cottage. But State and Church were gentle to the sinner. The J.P. (just such a fine old Irish baronet as sat in Grattan's Parliament and lives in Miss Edgeworth's pages) says "a good day's work for the country" and bids him be quiet. Still he confessed to the priest and went a pilgrimage, and as he journeyed over the moor peace came to his soul. And when the spring came, and the sun was warm, and the sky was open and clear, Sheila came back to him, and they lived together in the old house of Tallat, as happy a pair, as you could find in the most distressful country. While these pages disclose something of the heart of Irish peasant life, which so few of English writers on things Irish have sought to know, you will seek in them in vain for the rollicking Irishman of Lever. But then no Irishman ever knew him. The charm of the book lies in its fidelity to fact. One episode only seems unnatural—the horrible death of poor Mick a Dandy. Such an outrage on the part of officers and gentlemen may have been just possible in the frenzy of the '98, but surely not at any time in the last century—even in Ireland.

"A Nest of Linnets." By Frank Frankfort Moore. London: Hutchinson. 1901. 6s.

We can only conclude, from the fact of Mr. Moore repeating his doubtful experiment of writing about eighteenth-century notabilities, that he has been encouraged by commercial success. From the literary point of view, however, it is regrettable that he should persist in invading a domain, where he appears hopelessly out of place. So far he has chiefly commanded attention by his wholesale manufacture of those cheap epigrams, which consist for the most part of inverted platitudes or invertebrate philosophy. These may escape censure when applied to the small foibles of the modern middle-class, but become vexatious when they impinge upon the stately solemnity of Dr. Johnson's day. The Nest of Linnets is the Linley family and we are introduced to caricatures of such persons as Sheridan, Horace Walpole, David Garrick, Mrs. Thrale and various other contemporaries of Dr. Johnson. Here and there we find food for thought, as

for instance when the beautiful Miss Linley indulges in the following petulant diatribe against art: "Ah, always this art—always this art! Always the imitation—always the pitiful attempt to arouse an artificial emotion in others, and never to have an hour of true emotion oneself, never an hour of real life, never an hour apart from the artifices of art,—that is the life which you would have me to lead. I hate it! I hate it! Oh, better a day—an hour—a minute of true tenderness than a long lifetime spent in shamming emotion!" But on the whole we find little relief from our disgust at the liberties taken by Mr. Moore with the various good men, who have earned their place in the national history and literature. He has attempted a task that is evidently quite beyond his strength.

"Mr. Elliott." By I. O. Ford. London: Arnold. 1901. 6s.

The interest of Miss Ford's story of factory life is quite of a mild type. It is readable but there is little in the plot, the characters or the writing that strongly holds the attention. The story does not arrive anywhere. To use a simile from factory life all the threads get broken off before any pattern is formed. There is no actuality, no apparent knowledge, in Miss Ford's account of the relations between "Mr. Elliott" the self-made capitalist and his workpeople. He is the commonplace capitalist villain of melodrama; they are his meek virtuous victims. The strike is made a mere occasion for sentimentalism. Miss Ford has not attempted to consider it as one of the difficult facts of real life, and she has no appreciation of the realities of the relations between capital and labour. They are not a bit as she represents them. Capital and labour are both mightier forces than she has any conception of. She should read "Germinal". The best in Miss Ford's book is her character of Mr. Elliott's wife, Tilly, a really human and pathetic figure; quite good. Very natural too is the picture of Mr. Elliott's Nemesis in the shape of a son and daughter born to spend the money he has made and to despise him. Mrs. Fairlie, a sharp-tongued aristocratic old lady, who loathes trade is passably good. But none of these figures are very novel, and they are all at the best sketchy.

"The Sinner and the Problem." By Eric Parker. London: Macmillan. 1901. 6s.

There is a pleasing freshness about this book, which treats not of "problems" in the theatrical or feminist novel meaning, but of the surroundings of a private school. Mr. Eric Parker sets out with a certain preciosity of style, but soon falls into a natural gait and carries the reader gaily along. His canvas is a very small one, but the vividness and delicacy of his work are remarkable. Two small boys, a schoolmaster or two, the artist who tells the story and a girl drawn but in outline and yet delightfully real practically fill the book. Very little happens, but the story, slight as it is, moves, and the persons live. There is a charming love-idyll sketched with a reticence that is rare nowadays. One or two descriptions of summer days will remain long in the memory of any reader who cares for the sights that meet an angler's eyes by some quiet stream. The humour that can sympathise with an urchin's perplexities or a private schoolmaster's worries as it describes them should appeal to all who can judge good work.

"The Prophet of Berkeley Square." By Robert Hichens. London: Methuen. 1901. 6s.

The Prophet of Berkeley Square is neither Lord Rosebery nor Mr. Harmsworth, but an amateur astrologist, who by the aid of a telescope in his drawing-room predicts a fall of snow and the spraining of his grandmother's ankle. Excited by these successes he seeks the acquaintance of the leading professional prophet, Malkiel the Second, author of the Almanac, a thinly disguised Zadkiel. Malkiel, or Sagittarius, and his wife do not believe that a real prophet can live in Berkeley Square, and they proceed to test their amateur by giving him instructions to cast the horoscope of his grandmother with the assistance of the scorpion, the crab, &c. The book is called a tragic extravaganza, and is therefore not susceptible of serious criticism. It is like a screaming farce on the

stage: either one sees the fun or one does not; and whether one does or does not is a matter of temperament. We are sorry that we cannot see the fun of Mr. Hichens' extravaganza, which strikes us as a farrago of bad jokes, vulgar horseplay and impossible people.

"A Losing Game." By Hume Nisbet. London: White. 1901. 6s.

This is a nauseous jumble of undigested history, frantic incident, and lucid characterisation, disguised as "an Australian tragedy". The best that can be said for the men and women is that, in Mr. Nisbet's own words, they are ruthless, yet they have their vanities and sentiments, which set them apart from the speechless creation of wild beasts; perhaps they may be of a lower grade than the tiger, wolf or cobra, yet they are human. We learn from the preface, though we should never have learned from the book, that the moral is that "the wise man" should be "prudent with his thoughts and actions, for his own future, as well as for the future of those around him" &c. The "moral" ought to have saved us from this "tragedy".

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The World of the Great Forest." By Paul Du Chaillu. London: Murray. 1901. 7s. 6d. net.

This purports to be a description of "How Animals, Birds, Reptiles, Insects Talk, Think, Work and Live" in the Great Central African Forest. Mr. Du Chaillu's denizens, as he calls them—we doubt whether denizen means what Mr. Du Chaillu thinks it means—range from the elephant to the ant. He tells us he has studied the lives of these creatures persistently and arrived at the conclusion that "animals, birds, reptiles, ants, spiders, &c."—are not birds, reptiles, &c., animals then?—"possess great power of apprehension and prevision"; that they have understanding with one another by methods unknown to man; that it is unreasonable in us to say that they do not converse because we do not understand them. We learn too from Mr. Du Chaillu that "everything that lives is born with wonderful gifts to its mode of life"; that it is a very good thing these creatures destroy each other in large numbers—otherwise "the animal world would increase so fast that there would be room and food left for none". We seem to have heard something of the kind before, only told in a rather more illuminating way. Then Mr. Du Chaillu goes on to make his puppets talk. They talk not only by day but by night too, for observe: "Strange as it may appear, in the night the great forest is more alive with animals than during the day." They even talk during eclipses and immediately after eclipses, but we will not record their conversation. One of the talkers is a wasp. She seems a giddy thing quite unlike the worker wasps we know in England, which in foraging do not think and talk so much of their own living and their own hunger, as of the good of the race of wasps. But no doubt Mr. Du Chaillu could tell us that this particular African wasp is not a member of one of the patriotic societies of wasps such as we have in this country, nesting on tree and in the ground. We dare say she is indeed one of the "number of the animals mentioned I discovered myself".

"Poor's Manual of Railroads." New York: Poor. 1901.

"Poor's Manual," always indispensable to those who require railway statistics, is this year of peculiar interest in view of the amalgamations and other changes which have recently taken place in the constitution of American lines. The preceding issue contained a special introductory article of considerable length dealing with the general position of railroads on the North American continent at the end of the nineteenth century. This article does not appear again, but the book has nevertheless appreciably increased in bulk and provides a mass of information remarkably varied and valuable. We find that the United States is rapidly approaching the point of development long ago attained in England when additions to the number of miles of line in operation can only be made very slowly and in exceptional cases. The increase of mileage for last year, during a time of great prosperity, amounted to less than 2 per cent.; and under present conditions the future will depend rather on the cultivation of traffic over systems already in existence than on the laying out of others for the growth of which there is no room. The value of the book is enhanced by a large number of excellent maps illustrating the railway geography of the United States and Canada. To the English reader the practice of interleaving advertisements so printed as to be hardly distinguishable from the text is distinctly irritating.

"The War of the Civilisations." By George Lynch. London: Longmans. 1901. 6s.

In his introduction to this record of "a 'foreign devil's' experiences with the allies in China", Mr. Lynch says "there is as little pretence in this book to an erudite knowledge of things Chinese as there is to any sort of literary style". If Mr.

Lynch's views and descriptions of things Chinese were on a par with his literary style, his book would be entitled to a place among the printed lumber for which every war is now responsible. Here is his first—and it must in justice be said worst—sentence: "A boy was laboriously drawing from a cast in a dilapidated gallery in a God-forsaken city in the South of Ireland—one of those given by Pius VII. to George IV. for want of something better to do with them, chucked them at this town." Mr. Lynch does not cultivate literary grace, but he is a keen observer, has imagination and is not a victim to racial prejudice. He is neither pro-Boer nor pro-Chinese, but he tries to look at things from the point of view of a philosopher—a rôle that does not necessarily belong to the war correspondent. What he sees he retains vividly and is able to convey vividly to others, the result being an extremely interesting narrative of the latest war in China. Looking to the future of the country, he is of opinion that China will never become an aggressive Power. "But it is quite capable of becoming as effectually defensive as is Japan. It has more reasons for becoming a self-contained and defensive Power than Japan has, because it contains within itself everything necessary to the intellectual as well as the physical life of the people."

ERRATUM: In the SATURDAY REVIEW for 26 October, page 533 and the second line, for "description of Athens" read "bibliography descriptive of Athens".

LAW BOOKS: NEW EDITIONS AND A LECTURE.

"Daniell's Chancery Forms." 5th edition. By Charles Burney. London: Stevens and Sons, Ltd. 1901. £2 10s.

There is a story told of a sanctimonious Chancery Judge who lamented that he had come into Court that day without a copy of the "Book of Books": a ribald and irritated "leader", wilfully misunderstanding, handed up to his lordship a copy of "Daniell". Whether the story be true or not, it serves to show the position held by the two great works associated with the name of Daniell, i.e. the "Forms", and the "Practice". Messrs. Stevens have done well to secure a new edition of the "Chancery Forms", and by so competent an editor as "Master" Burney. More than sixteen years have elapsed since the last edition: during that period such extensive changes have taken place in the substantive law administered in the Chancery Division, as almost to revolutionise the practice of the Court in many departments. Since May 1897, directly any action is commenced and the parties are before the Court, a summons must be taken out, and official directions are given as to the conduct of the action, the object being to save expense and get to trial as soon as possible. Whether this object is achieved, at any rate in the Chancery Division, is very doubtful, but the new regulation entails considerable changes in practice, and would cause the old-fashioned practitioner to hold up his hands aghast. The Trustee Act of 1893, the Judicial Trustee Act 1896, the Real Representative Act 1897, even the Companies' Act of last year, all involve change, and let us hope improvement, in the practice of the law. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Burney's work is uniformly well done; obsolete forms have been omitted, and many new forms necessitated by these legislative changes have been added. The features which strike us most in the new edition are some important "Company precedents", for which the author is indebted to Mr. F. B. Palmer; and some very useful forms of proceedings in relation to the difficult subject of charities, supplied by Mr. Rye, the able representative of the Treasury solicitor. So far as we have tested it the index is as complete and useful as ever.

"Principles of the Criminal Law." By Seymour F. Harris. Ninth Edition by Charles L. Attenborough. London: Stevens and Haynes. 1901. 20s.

Of the ninth edition of Harris' "Principles of the Criminal Law", prepared by its regular editor, as Mr. C. L. Attenborough may be called, it is unnecessary to say more than that it includes in the text the Larceny Act of 1901, and in the preface an outline of the Youthful Offenders' Act, 1901, both of which come into operation at the beginning of next year.

"Cases in Criminal Law." By Courtney Stanhope Kenny. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1901. 12s. 6d.

In future this admirable new book by Mr. Courtney Stanhope Kenny, Reader of English Law at Cambridge, "A Selection of Cases Illustrative of English Criminal Law", will probably go through as many editions as the book last mentioned; and it will be their fate to live and thrive in association with one another. Both are intended primarily as books for students, and one will supplement the other. Kenny's Cases will illustrate the fundamental doctrines of the Criminal Law; Harris will serve for a concrete knowledge of its facts and details.

"The Law of Negotiable Securities." By William Willis. London: Stevens and Haynes. 1901. 7s. 6d.

This is the second edition, issued to meet the demand for the well-known lectures delivered for the Council of Legal Education by his Honour Judge Willis. No better "elementary" book for all kinds of readers exists on this subject.

"The Handy Book on the Law and Practice of Joint Stock Companies." Third edition. By Anthony Pulbrook. London: Effingham Wilson. 1901. 1s. net.

This book which has reached its third edition is by a solicitor; it is not a legal text-book, however, but a manual for the use of anyone who happens to be interested in the working of joint-stock companies. The style is rough and ready but the book serves usefully the purpose it professes, and gives a good general idea of the company system from a plain everyday point of view.

"English Law and the Renaissance." By Frederic William Maitland. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1901.

Of a very different character from all the books above mentioned is the charming "English Law and the Renaissance," the Rede Lecture for 1901, by Professor Maitland, the well-known Downing Professor at Cambridge, our greatest historic and scientific lawyer. The text only contains about thirty-five pages, but Professor Maitland's highly interesting and learned notes are far more extensive than the text, and fill the rest of the ninety-eight pages. The theme is the resistance made by the common lawyers and the common law of England ("the rock not submerged") against the competitions of the canon and civil laws in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. We need say nothing of the style in which the book is written, as all know it who know Professor Maitland's work. If space allowed we should like to quote the last page or two in which he speaks of the future relation of English law and legislation to the colonies. One extract must suffice. "If unity of law—such unity as there has been—disappears, much else that we treasure will disappear also, and (to speak frankly) unity of law is precarious. The power of the Parliament of the United Kingdom to legislate for the colonies is fast receding into the ghostly company of legal fictions." We hope the Inns of Court will take seriously to heart Professor Maitland's appeal to them to be worthy of their unique past, and to do their part in saving English law for the future, as they did in other days, by schools of law which shall rival the glory of Bourges and Bologna.

THE NOVEMBER REVIEWS.

A composite article signed A.B.C. &c. in the "National Review" discusses at some length the question of "British Foreign Policy." The writers, like most contributors to the "National," show a strong anti-German bias, and advocate an Anglo-Russian understanding which would secure to Russia a free hand in the Balkans and Asiatic Turkey, a commercial outlet in the Persian Gulf, England co-operating with her in railway development between the Gulf and the Caspian, and the recognition of Russia's right to regulate her position in Manchuria and Mongolia by direct negotiation with China. The whole arrangement it seems to us would be an excellent one—for Russia. The "National Review" is however not alone in its advocacy of a pro-Russian policy. A. Rustem Bey de Bilinski in the "Nineteenth Century" takes up pretty much the same line as A.B.C. &c. We are to leave "well" alone in China, and the writer endeavours to show that "the substitution of Russian for native rule in the Turanian States—viz. Persia, Afghanistan, Beloochistan—would not constitute a danger to India and would only modify the economic situation in her favour. With the acquisition of a seaboard on the Indian Ocean, the time will come for Russia to direct most of her energies from the prosecution of her foreign policy, which will then have realised the greater number of its objects, and devote them to her internal development." The idea of handing Afghanistan over to Russia will shock Mr. Demetrius Boulger who writes in the "Contemporary" on "The Chances of Habibullah." Mr. Boulger belongs to the school which sees in Russia the enemy and nothing but the enemy. He warns us that with the death of the Amir Abdurrahman we shall have to take up a more decided attitude on the Afghan question than hitherto, and he would have us show our diplomatic prescience by employing "firm and clear language at St. Petersburg to the effect that we will not allow the frontier of Afghanistan, as recognised by Russia herself, to be violated." Great Britain must indicate "her intention to defend the Afghan frontier at all hazards." But whilst Russia is not to move, Great Britain is to see that "the concomitant of fresh arrangements" shall be "the presence of English officers at Herat and Mazar-i-Sherif in telegraphic communication with India." If Russia is amiable and does not attempt to upset our plans in Afghanistan, then Mr. Boulger would agree that Russian plans in Persia should not be thwarted. Excellent appreciations of the late Amir appear in the "Fortnightly" from the pens of Sir Lepel Griffin who gives some interesting reminiscences of the time when he placed Abdurrahman on the throne, and of Colonel H. B. Hanna, who is mainly biographical. Sir Lepel Griffin thinks there will be peace in Afghanistan if concessionaires and missionaries are kept out of the country. To the "Empire Review" we naturally look for some survey of the situation opened up by the change of rulers on the Indian North-West Frontier. Both Sir Edwin Collen and Colonel Yate are reassuring as to

Habibullah's prospects whether regarded from the foreign or the domestic point of view; Sir Edwin Collen shares Mr. Boulger's mistrust of Russian good faith.

It is perhaps strange that so suggestive and important a theme as the royal colonial tour has not attracted more attention in the reviews. The "Fortnightly" alone devotes an article to it this month. A more exciting but not more important subject is General Buller's dismissal, and the dispute as to his heliographic message to General White immediately after the battle at Colenso. The version given by the "National Review" seems to bear on the face of it gross improbability. There is so much to be said in criticism of General Buller's action at and after Colenso that it were wiser to adhere to points concerning which there can be no dispute. "Blackwood" seizes on these, and whilst condemning him on the despatches of Lord Roberts, reflects sharply on the Government which left to the press "the delicate duty" of insisting on Sir Redvers Buller's unfitness for command. In "Blackwood's" opinion, Sir Redvers Buller's unfortunate speech only served to clinch arguments that were already sufficiently strong. In the "Fortnightly" Diplomaticus is sternly critical of the Government on another score. He calls his article "A Comedy of Proclamations", but if his views as to the war in general and the proclamations in particular have any justification in fact, then there is no comedy but grim tragedy. The article seems to be based on a misconception. Diplomaticus is concerned because we are now denying the Boers "the rights of combatants". One of the proclamations which go to make up his "comedy" is a sufficient answer. The present struggle is a purposeless waste of valuable life, and Mr. J. B. Firth in the same number of the "Fortnightly" writing on the "Guerilla in History" renders a service to commonsense by pointing out that guerilla tactics have never succeeded in disposing of a resolute invader, unless there has been intervention as in the case of Cuba. As for the war itself, Sir Charles Warren continues his "lessons" in the "National", and, as in his first article, shows himself by no means convinced that Lord Roberts accomplished the great things credited to him. "The great desideratum" he says "was to get the Boers to stand, so that we might beat them soundly, and it is doubtful if the policy of simply outflanking them and driving them back is sound. When history is written it will probably be found that the turning points in the war were those actions in which a large number of the Boers were killed and wounded". In "Blackwood" Linesman concludes his admirable sketches of incidents in the campaign with a weird and realistic account of a night attack on a farm. Events such as he describes must have occurred hundreds of times during the war, and hardly go to support pessimism as to the grit and character of the men on whom the Empire depends in the hour of need. A night raid by a handful of men on a farm which shelters a vigilant but outwitted enemy is more trying to the nerves than a pitched battle. In the "Nineteenth Century" one lesson of the war is insisted upon by the editor in a brief paper urging the importance of utilising the Militia ballot as an alternative to conscription—"a middle course between compelling every man and compelling no man to do military service".

The "Fortnightly" publishes an article on "Reform through Social Work", in which President Roosevelt indicates some of the forces that make for decency in New York City. There seems no limit to the directions in which the new President's energy displays itself, and he is another proof that there need be no divorce between the social reformer and the so-called imperialist. As a philanthropist he deprecates soft-headedness as much as hardheartedness. "The highest type of philanthropy is that which springs from the feeling of brotherhood and which therefore rests on the self-respecting healthy basis of mutual obligation and common effort." The article serves to illustrate a character at once eclectic and thorough on which Mr. Albert Shaw enlarges in a not very interesting nor illuminative paper in the "Contemporary". Mr. Sydney Brooks' account of Tammany Hall in the "Monthly Review", giving an inside view of one of the forces which have made New York what it is, proves to be peculiarly apposite. Mr. Brooks explains the secret of Tammany's power and efficiency—an efficiency which for once seems to have failed. It is, he says "the secret of the Roman Curia or of the German army. It may be put in three words: discipline and individual accountability. . . . It is one of the fundamental rules of the organisation that obedience should be implicit and unquestioning: the 'kicker' is shown no mercy. On the other hand for faithful and adequate service there is always a tangible reward, in office, hard cash or 'pull'. Tammany is a pure democracy with all careers open to talent and nothing to prevent a man with the requisite powers from rising to the top. It disdains nothing that will help it towards its goal".

Of the miscellaneous articles in the reviews the most timely is Mr. W. B. Duffield's in the "Nineteenth Century" on the beginnings of the Newfoundland dilemma. The article puts Bolingbroke in the worst light. Vice-Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge in the same review makes a gallant defence of Queen Elizabeth against the charges and allegations of having starved and robbed her seamen. In the "Fortnightly" Mr.

Outram Tristram describes the secret service under Elizabeth. In the "National Review" Mr. G. S. Street writes on "The Paradox of the Jew" in antitheses, thus: "The poor Jew clung to his heritage though the world battered him: the rich Jew gives it up to win a contemptuous smile". Mr. Edward Cooper in the "Monthly" makes some suggestions which will interest heads of families as to the management of nurseries in the twentieth century. In the "Contemporary" Mr. Ernest Newman deals with English music and musical criticism, and singles out the musical critic of the SATURDAY REVIEW for praise on account of his efforts to lift the discussion of musical matters to a higher plane, but regrets that he does not always do himself justice. To say that a critic is the best and yet does not always give his best may surely be taken as a high compliment. In "Blackwood" Mr. W. T. Grenfell shows that life in Labrador has its attractions; in the "Pall Mall Magazine" Mr. Frank Rinder describes "Bookhunting as a Business" and deals with "the romance, reality and possibilities of collecting"; in "Macmillan's" we find an amusing outburst of what we should call anti-Meridithian Dickens-worship. "The modern novelist and the modern humorist both need a full dose of him", says a writer who does not believe that Dickens will die out whilst a sense of humour lasts.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Die soziale Frage und das Prinzip der Solidarität. 1. Band: Grundlegung. Von Dr. Gustav Tiring. Dresden und Leipzig: E. Pierson's Verlag. 1901. M. 3.50.

In the present dearth of new philosophic as well as historic works in Germany, we are lucky to be able to review a truly remarkable work. Whether we agree with the author or not, the compact logic of his deductions, his summary of modern conditions and their development from the past, his comments on social conditions, environment and restrictions are extremely interesting as well as both precisely and trenchantly expressed. For him, society is an organism to be examined, analysed and dissected through sociology like any material organism around us.

Beginning with the "economy of matter and natural laws as moving principles of the universe" and "the psychic character of man and its relation to the social community", he considers sociology both ethically and historically. He contemplates "continuity and law in progress" and "Evolution and Revolution". He next proceeds to the laws favouring progress, and discusses equality and inequality, both ideal and actual, the social struggle and the social problem. This is followed by an interesting disquisition on "The Struggle for Existence and Social Co-defence", in which moral and mental developments are traced as mitigating instinct, and social morality is shown as their consequence. The actuality and development of altruism are discussed, and the social question is distinguished from a merely individualist standpoint. His fourth head concerns the limitations and freedom of man. He shows that man is the sum of his environment, that he is only relatively free, that his freedom is progressive and merely potential in his earlier stages, that it is compatible with his responsibility for that very reason; that man's freedom is limited by habit, by his successive social conditions, and that "social solidarity" is the ideal to which he is being gradually drawn. He also criticises, and with great penetration, the attitude both of theology and of metaphysics to liberty. He is then led naturally to his fifth section, the consideration of "Equality". He takes the individualist and the collectivist theories and decides against both. He is in favour of State socialism. He regards equality both in connexion with the past and with the present.

It will be seen from our enumeration that Dr. Tiring attempts much in a small compass. His work, of which this is only the first volume, is extremely compressed, and perhaps suffers from its compression. But it is admirably clear, illustrative and logical. It is a great relief after the jargon of the schools. He employs no lofty inflations, no vague mysticisms. He is a trained thinker. We will single out some particulars from his work.

He begins with the outlook of "natural religion", scientifically rejecting anything not proved or not to be proved by experiment, or outside nature. Of creeds he contents himself with saying that their dogmas and exclusiveness each with its separate paradise "divide mankind and form a negation of altruism" (p. 6). He shows that the old atomism was scientific, and recognised the perpetual laws of combination, interaction and relation. Indeed he seems himself to be an atomist in his natural science. He declares that, without exaggeration, atomism forms the beginning of any "realistic" method of examining nature. "We do not", he says, "mean the absolutely empirical method which only applies itself in a realistic sense to words, but the method, which springing from the knowledge of Nature, pursues things according to experience, and attains a positive, exact result, without excluding spirit (Geist) and abstraction, much rather co-operating with spirit, but in mind and aspect ever united with actuality" (p. 8). He seeks to demonstrate that with matter is always bound up inherent force; that this force accounts for much of what is called soul; that the psychic peculiarity of man depends upon the evolved action

of his nerve centres; that his physical organisation is inextricably mixed with his psychic, and that this intermixture evinces itself in perception (sensation, instinct) and apperception (the power of generalising ideas). In fact he is a scientific materialist. He taxes the "so-called transcendental philosophers" with refusing to recognise "the influence of physico-chemical and social laws on all the changes of man" (p. 18), and being led therefore to misjudge the character (or essence) of intelligence.

"The error", he says, "of theologians and metaphysicians arises from raising à priori postulates, and asserting the correctness of their conclusions, because they base them logically on a preconceived dogma. Science on the other hand first raises principles . . . Metaphysicians do not realise that their conclusions can be *subjectively* true, because logically grounded on their dogmas, but nevertheless *objectively* false because grounds fail for their establishment in experience".

With this last remark we are in accord, but not with the author's "atomism". That something beyond matter exists more truly than matter itself is shown, we think, by the mere fact that scientific laws are postulated, never explained. Science is the rightful mistress of everything relating to matter; but even science only professes herself agnostic towards what may be immaterial. It is when Dr. Tiring addresses himself to the social organism in a scientific spirit that, to our mind, he is most instructive. "The progress", he argues (p. 32) "of the individual and of society are mutually dependent. It thus happens that the latter represents more and more the place of man in Nature, although it constantly assumes a character more and more dissevered from the primitive community; since it is just nature that makes him what he is both in his historical development, and as he shows himself to us to-day". He rightly asserts the necessity of the study of history for that of psychology, and the intimate connexion between the progress of the individual and that of society. He portrays altruism as the necessity of human restrictions, for the social organism can never attain union without it, and its attendant, solidarity. In all this he follows Pope, whom he does not mention

"For true self-love and social are the same."

Excellent also appears to us his criticism of the statistical method as proving only the possibility and not the inevitability of recurrence. The progress of society he finds in a constant increase of the capacity for assimilation (p. 63). Especially interesting is the seventh chapter which deals with "Social Conflict". The social, like the natural order, he contends, is decided by the co-operation of "might, capacity, and activity". The problem resolves itself into the amelioration of the oppressed in the struggle for existence. It is allied to the study of social limitations. In his chapter on these, in relation to human freedom (p. 117) he avers truly "The conception of absolute freedom is irreconcilable with the idea of society. Only a relative freedom is compatible with social laws." This freedom he finds in the growing power to discern and serve voluntarily these laws themselves constantly developing. The sort of freedom he means he well instances by genius that perceives these laws in advance of its period. We have lingered long over this volume because it will interest all those who reflect. Merely as a compendium of modern scientific research, it is memorable; but it is more. If altruism be merely the gradual necessity of social laws, it seems to us to lose its efficacy, as well as its permanent sanction. It cancels itself, because a selfish individual must always remain at the end of the self-sacrificing chain. This our author seems to recognise when he points out that the competition is unending and can only be mended. The second volume of this work will be eagerly awaited by all interested in social problems.

Die sixtinesche Kapelle. Herausgegeben von Ernst Steinmann. Erster Band. München: F. Bruckmann. 1901. M. 100.

This monograph promises well. It is thorough, careful, and much needed. Historians will find new matter in the account of Sixtus IV. and his many memorable cardinals; while architects will appreciate the six chapters dealing with the old Sistine Chapel and the erection of the new. But the main interest is of course artistic. The work of all its adorners is to be most carefully analysed with their several relations to their provinces, their schools, and to each other. A great portion of the present volume is concerned with the work of Cosimo Roselli. The reproduction of the "head of a drowning warrior" (p. 458) by him is a revelation. It is curious to note the resemblance of some of his creations to those of Botticelli. The "Joshua sleeping on Mount Sinai" for instance (p. 424) bears a likeness in face and, we fancy, in treatment to one of the angels in "Christ's Farewell" by the great Florentine (p. 463). There are some fine examples given also of Piero di Cosimo's portraiture, especially the one of himself. In subsequent volumes we shall doubtless find as adequate a following of the work of Raphael and Michel Agnolo. Besides the many capital illustrations both large and small, which witness the improvements in photogravure, three large reproductions (one of the building, two of frescoes) accompany and adorn this work.

Soziale Studien aus deutscher Vergangenheit. Von Georg Liebe. Berlin und Jena. 1901. M. 2.

These are pleasant essays on the knights, pilgrims, minstrels, students and scribes of the middle ages. They are not specially instructive, but they form a gay scrap-book. As in the case of Ulrich v. Hutten, many of the sixteenth-century knights errant were also students erring. Their rhymes, scrawled often on the cups which inspired them, quarrels, and love-affairs are reproduced. That on the "Social Import of the Artillery" is more enlightening. The gradual extinction of the crossbow after the Crusades and the reorganisation of the artillery by Frederick the Great are topics that we do not remember to have seen treated. In the poems quoted on pilgrimages Heine's "Wallfahrt von Kevlaar" should surely not have been omitted. The essay on "The Nun in the Volkslied" will interest many, and is also a novel theme; many of these are repeated; and they all give the impression of a dirge over a receding world, and of that resignation of which the nun is the embodiment.

Die Haager Friedensconferenz. Tagebuchblätter von Bertha von Suttner. C. Pierson's Verlag. 1901. M. 2.

The diary of the Peace-conference prophetess is hardly inspired. Take the following—"17 May. W. T. Stead has come. His achievement has been great—this much-admired much-contemned and like every apostle, much-injured man. In him glows the sacred fire." "Come," like spring, and "The Birthday of my Life" in sentimental ditties! She then asks the apostle a question, not pleasing apparently to the apostle, and then, like the modern prophetess she is, proceeds to describe him. There is much about the Tsar, there is an invitation card from a diplomatist who said "Madame la baronne, je suis heureux de vous revoir," there is a reflection on the fact that soldiers have sometimes been emancipators, there are speeches and tittle-tattle. And the Boer war is still proceeding; and the peace-dream has fled before the iron heels of fact. Is this the last leaf

(Continued on page 600.)

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of our modern Sibyl? And will it be translated, like Shakespeare's Weaver? It takes 311 pages without the appendix.

Licht und Schatten. Militärische Novellen. Von Karl Mark. Dresden und Leipzig: C. Pierson's Verlag. 1901.

There is nothing specially military about these short stories. We look in vain for any real touch of the German soldier. The young officer who revisits the circus girl he has loved and forgotten only to find her fat and prosaic; or who disappoints the yearning of his early sweetheart by remarrying, the renowned brother who returns with the tale of his wedded, unhappiness—neither of these is otherwise than if the scene were not laid in garrisons. The incidents might have happened to anyone, and it would not have much mattered had they not happened. There is no individuality, and the narratives, though sometimes sensational, and nearly always sentimental, are stale in the extreme. There are twenty of them.

Das literarische Echo. (Heft II. October 1901.)

There is nothing here very noteworthy. An article on Kohlschmidt's book on "The Evangelical Clergyman in Modern Literature" is the nearest approach to outside interest. The "English Letter" mentions the Dublin Pan-Keltic Congress, and Finero's "Iris."

For This Week's Books see page 602.

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